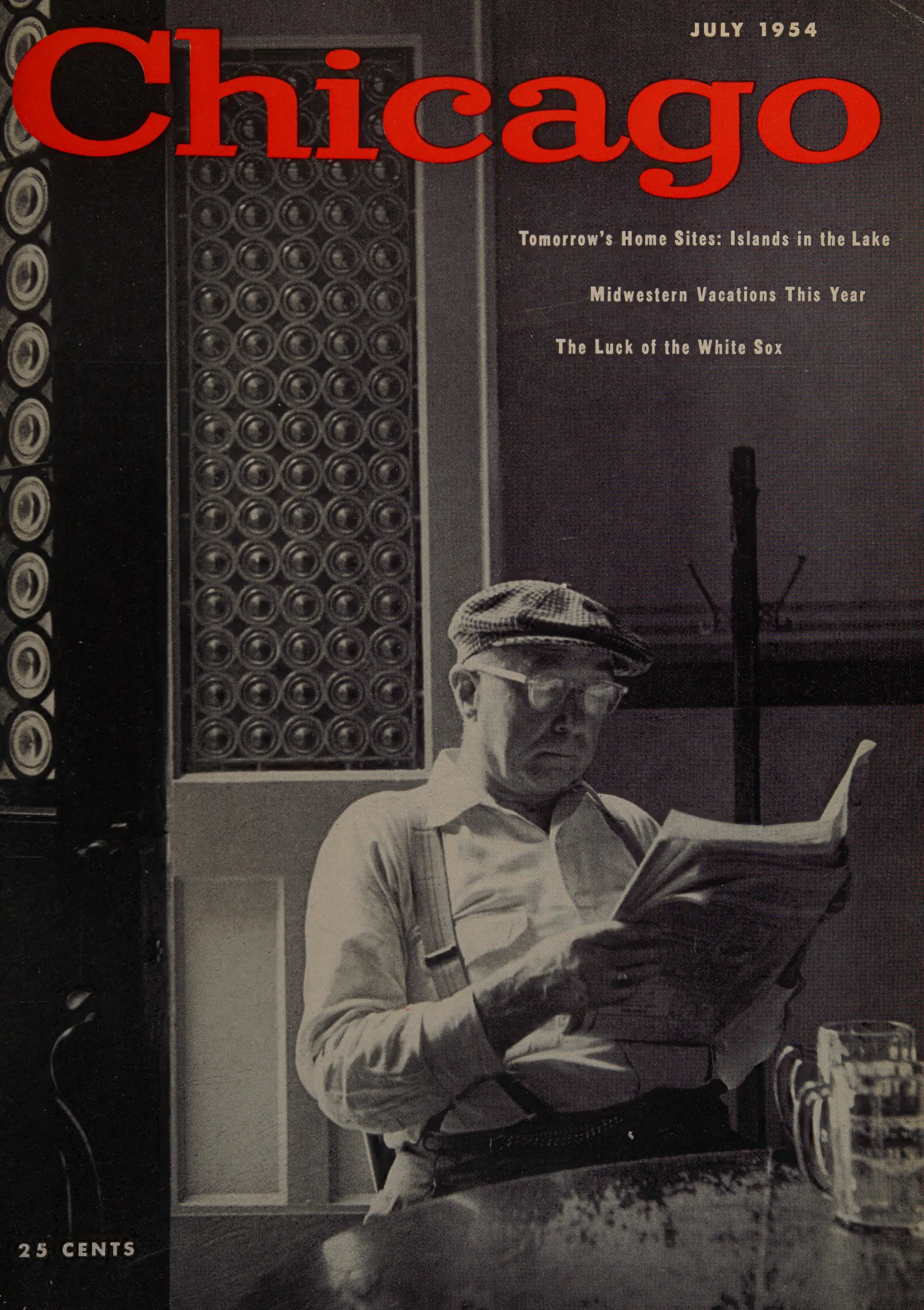
JULY 1954

Chicago

Tomorrow's Home Sites: Islands in the Lake

Midwestern Vacations This Year

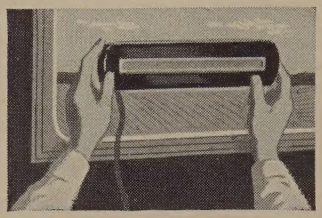
The Luck of the White Sox



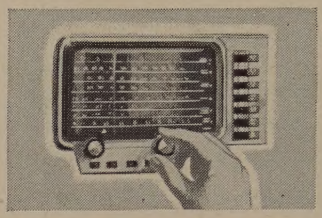
25 CENTS

Announcing the New Zenith Super Deluxe TRANS-OCEANIC Portable

7 NEW features added to the World's only 13 year proved Shortwave Portable Radio

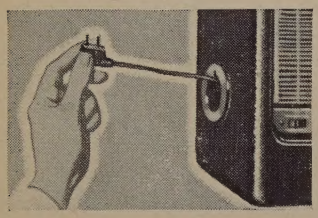


1. New Powerized Detachable Wavemagnet® Antenna . . . plus powerful new circuits increase sensitivity on the standard broadcast band up to . . . three times!

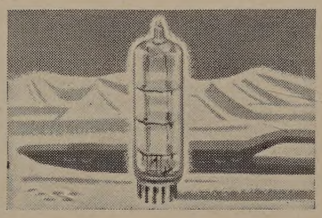


2. New International Tuning Dial permits far easier reading! Simplifies locating and tuning stations all over the world on shortwave or standard broadcast bands.

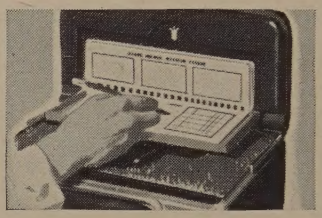
3. New Spring-Button Dialite illuminates entire face of dial. You can easily tune in your station in pitch darkness. Automatic release avoids excessive battery drain.



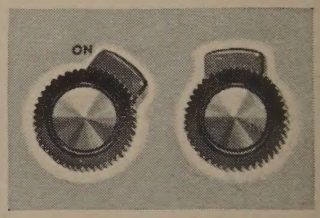
4. New Reelaway Power Cord reels out from side of case. Plugs in for AC or DC power. Springs back when not in use, readying set for battery operation.



5. New Voltmatic Regulator automatically maintains constant power flow through set, regardless of fluctuations at power source. Extends tube life!



6. New Log-Chart Compartment includes 24 pages full of complete weather and marine information. Lists data about all major short-wave stations in the world.



7. New On-Off Indicator further guards against excess battery drain . . . provides extra safety check against power loss when set is not in use.

ZENITH SUPER DELUXE TRANS-OCEANIC RADIO

Zenith POWERIZED Features!

- Tropically treated against humidity, to prevent loss of sensitivity.
- Long Distance Chassis brings you programs from dozens of different countries.
- Super-sensitive electrical spread-band tuning . . . brings you ship-to-ship conversations, marine and weather reports, amateur broadcasts, popular programs from all over U. S.
- Exclusive Radiorgan® Tone Control gives you choice of 16 different tonal combinations.
- Works on AC, DC or long-life batteries.

Model shown in durable Black Stag, $139.95. Also available in luxurious top-grain cowhide at additional cost.*

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Backed by 35 years of Leadership in Radionics Exclusively
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Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price (subject to change) not including batteries. Slightly higher in Far West and South.

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July 1954

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COVER

William Miller, who photographed the "Sieben's Beer Stube" story, has captured on film the serene contentment to be found with two steins of cool beer, a newspaper, a warm summer day and an old-world atmosphere.

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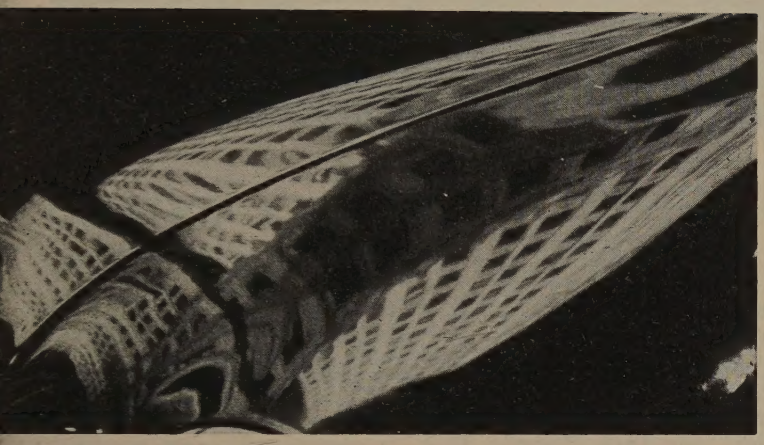
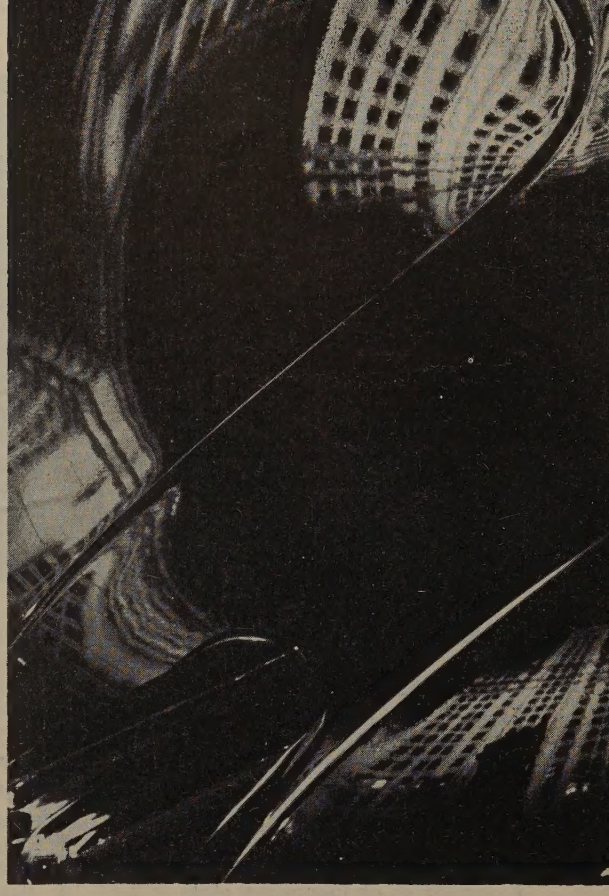
IN AND OU

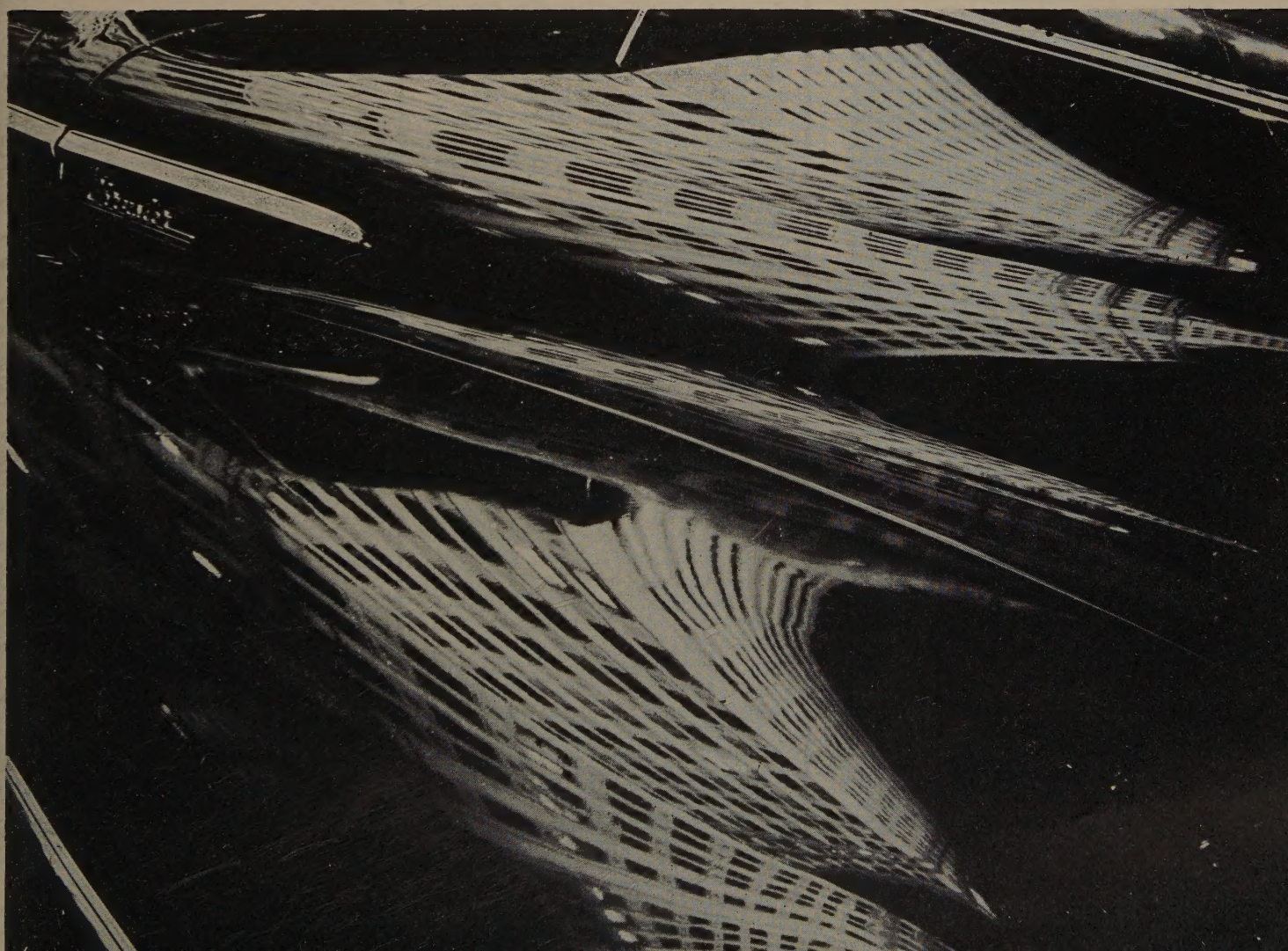
By William Miller

The architecture of fantasy . . . night, flood lights, the curved and polished surfaces of a parked automobile and unconventional camera angles produced these outrageous modifications in the Wrigley building's staid angularity.

F FOCUS







WHAT GOES ON HERE

THEATER

Shakespeare Festival, Playwrights Theater, 1205 n. Dearborn st. (WH 3-2272). The Playwrights company, supplemented by out-of-town actors and directors, performing on an Elizabethan stage in the club's new 300-seat loft. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," thru July 4; "Henry IV," July 6-25; "The Tempest," July 27-August 15. Tue.-Sun., 8:30 p.m.

in the loop at press time

Time Out for Ginger, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A rather long joke about a girl who wants to play on the high school football team. Melvyn Douglas, as the father of the piece, manages to lend some authority to this otherwise wobbly footnote to incredible Americana. Nightly, except Mon. 8:30; Tue. 7:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-0055). Still drawing a full house, and it's still an exhilarating experience with a new dimension in film. Nightly Sun.-Thu. 8:30; Fri. 7 & 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Mat. Mon.-Thu. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m.; Sun. 2 & 5 p.m.

for the summer

(with notes on driving-time and dining)

Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase Country club, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (BR 4-6060). June 29-July 4, "Angel Street." July 6-11, "Nina." July 13-18, "Come Back Little Sheba." July 20-25, "The Clout," a premiere. July 27-Aug. 1, "Murder Without Crime." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun., 2:30. Apprx. 60 min. from Loop. For dining, Chevy Chase Country club.

East Eden, Lincoln & Touhy avs. (OR 5-4434). June 22-July 4, "Streetcar Named Desire." July 6-18, "The Lady's Not for Burning." July 20-Aug. 1, "Anna Lucasta." Nightly, except Mon., 8:30. Apprx. 30 min. from Loop. For dining, House of Pierre, next door.

Drury Lane, 97th & Western avs. (HI 5-2666). Thru July 4, "Jenny Kissed Me." July 6-18, "There's Always a Murder." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun. at 2:30. Apprx. 25 min. from Loop. For dining, the Martinique, next door.

Michiana Summer Theater, Michiana Shores, Ind., (Michigan City 2-5858). Wed. thru Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Apprx. 2 hrs. from Loop. For dining, Italian Village, Michigan City.

Music Theater, w. of Glencoe on County Line rd. between Edens hwy. & Skokie hwy. (BR 4-7447 or Glencoe 931). June 25-July 8, "Call Me Madam." July 9-22, "Anything Goes." Nightly at 8:30. Apprx. 45 min. from Loop. For dining, Villa Moderne, next door.

Salt Creek, First & Garfield sts., Hinsdale (BI 2-1492 or Hins. 30). June 28-July 10, Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters." July 12-24, "The Winslow Boy." July 26-Aug. 7, Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." Nightly Tue. thru Sat. at 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun. at 2:15. Apprx. 50 min. from Loop, 35 min. via Burlington R.R. For dining, Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden av., Hinsdale.

Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). June 29-July 4, "Gigi." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Apprx. 2 hrs. from Loop. For dining, Shady Lane farm.

Tenthouse, Highland Park (HI 2-1160). June 29-July 4, "Gigi." July 6-11, "Venus Observed." July 13-18, "The Little Hut." July 20-25, "The Winslow Boy." July 27-Aug. 1, "The Enchanted." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Apprx. 60 min. from Loop. For dining Moraine hotel, 2501 Sheridan rd., Highland Park.

little, school or otherwise

Chicago Stage Guild, 640 n. State st. (WH 4-8050). "Present Laughter." July 16, 17, 21-24 at 8:30 p.m., except Thu. at 7:30.

Jack & Jill Players, Suite 1230, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317). "Our Town." July 23-25, 30, 31 and Aug. 1. Fri. & Sat. at 7:30 p.m., Sun. at 3 p.m.

Northwestern Univ. Theater, Speech Bldg., Evanston (UN 4-1907). July 7-11, "The Imaginary Invalid." July 21-25, "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Nightly at 8:30, except Sun. at 7 p.m.

Showcase Theater, 1716 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7440). Thru July 4, "Over 21." July 6-18, "Mrs. McThing." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30; Sun. at 7:30 p.m. Mat. Wed. 2:30.

Theater-on-the-Lake, Fullerton av. pavilion, 2400 n. on the Lake (HA 7-5252). Arena productions by community theaters of Chicago Park Dist. Tue-Thu., thru Sept. 7, 8:30 p.m.

Theater under the Stars, Lake Forest college. July 14-18, "Blithe Spirit." July 22-25, "The Vinegar Tree." July 29-31 "Smilin' Through."

MUSIC

Grant Park Symphony Orchestra, Grant Park band shell, foot of 11th st. (HA 7-5252). Free outdoor concerts each Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun., 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. **July 2:** Nicolai Malko conducting, Leonard Pennario, pianist. **July 3 & 4:** all-American program, Franz Allers conducting, Gene-

Nightly at 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:15 BI 2-1492

CHEVY CHASE
Summer Theatre

June 29-July 4—"Angel Street"
July 6-11—"Nina"
July 13-18—"Come Back Little Sheba"

Nites, Tues. thru Sun. 8:30
Matinees, Wed. & Sun. 2:00

Reservations available at Marshall Field & Company — third floor or BR 4-6061

Milwaukee Ave. — Routes 45 & 21 One mile north of Wheeling.

vieve Warner, soprano and Frank Rogier, baritone. **July 7:** Park District Opera Guild, excerpts from "La Boheme," Malko and Silvio Insana conducting. **July 9:** Malko conducting, Earl Wild, pianist. **July 10 & 11:** Gershwin program, Andre Kostelanetz conducting, Earl Wild, pianist. **July 14:** Malko conducting, Alyne Dumas Lee, soprano. **July 16:** Malko conducting, Fritz Siegal, violinist. **July 17 & 18:** Rodgers and Hammerstein program, Leo Kopp conducting; soprano Vivian Della Chiesa, mezzo-soprano Winifred Heckman, tenor William Carson, baritone Jack Russell; Opera Guild chorus. **July 21 & 23:** Franco Autori conducting, Camilla Wicks, violinist. **July 24 & 25:** Alfredo Antonini conducting, Jan Peerce, tenor. **July 28 & 30:** Milton Katims conducting, Gary Graffman, pianist. **July 31:** Music of Old Vienna, Julius Rudel conducting; soprano Eva Likova and tenor Thomas Hayward.

Ravinia Festival, Ravinia Park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony Orchestra with guest conductors and soloists, each Tue., Thu., Sat. 8:30 p.m.; each Sun. 4 p.m. **First week:** William Steinberg of Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. conducting. Soloists: July 1 & 4, pianist Leon Fleisher; July 3, violinist Michael Rabin. **Second week:** Izler Solomon conducting. Soloists: July 6, baritone Louis Sudler; July 8, violinist Michael Rabin; July 10, pianist Grant Johannesen; July 11, Young People's concert. **Third week:** Alfred Wallenstein of Los Angeles Symphony Orch., conducting. Soloists: July 13, pianist Grant Johannesen; July 15, cellist Paul Olefsky; July 17, pianist Nicole Henriot; July 18, violinist Zvi Zeitlin. **Fourth week:** Pierre Monteux conducting. Soloists: July 20, pianist Nicole Henriot; July 22 and 27, violinist Zino Francescatti; July 25, violinist Nina Geverts. **Fifth week:** Pierre Monteux and Arthur Fiedler conducting. July 27, Monteux conducting 1st half of "Faust;" July 29, 2nd half of "Faust." July 31, all-Gershwin program, Fiedler conducting, Eugene List, pianist. August 1, pop concert, Fiedler conducting, Eugene List, pianist.

Northwestern University, School of Music, Lutkin hall, Evanston. (UN 4-1900, ext. 318). **July 5 & 19:** concerts by Chamber Music Society members: Domenico DeCaprio, clarinet; Emil Eck, flute; Philip Farkas, French horn; Robert Mayer, oboe; Gui Mombaerts, piano; Harold Newton, viola; Frank Polesny, Robert Quick & Arcule Sheasby, violin; Dudley Powers, cello; Wilbur Simpson, bassoon. **July 12 & 26:** Fine Arts Quartet: Leonard Sorkin and Joseph Stepansky, violin; Irving Ilmer, viola, and George Sorkin, cello. All performances begin at 8:30.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Fourth of July Celebration, Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Fireworks, circus acts, other entertainment; sponsored by the American Legion. July 4, 7:30 p.m.

Tournament of Thrills, Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Auto thrill show. July 17, 8 p.m.

Star Night, Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (AN 3-6611). Galaxy of TV, radio and recording vocalists and orchestras, including Patti Page, Julius La Rosa, Perry Como. July 24, 8 p.m.

Summer Flower Shows, Garfield Park Conservatory, 300 n. Central Park, and Lincoln Park Conservatory, 2400 n. in Lincoln Park (HA 7-5252). Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES
with attention to July features

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt rd. at the Lake front. (WA 2-1428). Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tue. & Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri. 8 p.m.; Sun. 2 & 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark st. (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical Society, Clark st. & North av. (MI 2-4600). Permanent exhibits relating to historical events in July: mementos of the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863; Battle of San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & holidays 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan & Washington. (CE 6-5821). Randolph street corridor: Chicago Mountaineering club exhibit. Art dept.: French art posters from collection of Bert Ray; "Fire Marks" loaned by Robt. M. Babbitt Jr. Music dept.: 20 years of Grant Park Concerts — 1935-54.

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology, zoology. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

John Crerar Library, 86 e. Randolph st. (AN 3-6660). History of science, technology and medicine. Mon. 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Tue.-Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

Dearborn Observatory, Northwestern University, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to public every clear Fri. evening, 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

Library of Internat'l. Relations, 351 e. Ohio st. (SU 7-7928). Reference room open Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th st. & Hyde Park blvd. (MU 4-1414). Opening in mid-July: the U-505, captured German submarine of World War II. Hundreds of other fascinating exhibits showing the relationship of science and industry. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. & holidays 9:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Free, except coal mine, nickelodeon, microworld.

Oriental Institute, Univ. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 2645). Cultural

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to an interested audience.

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The presence of a copy of CHICAGO
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of urban living.

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Park Row
RESTAURANT

objects from ancient Near Eastern countries. Weekdays 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon.; Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Free. **Shedd Aquarium,** Roosevelt rd. at the Lake front (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

LECTURES

Northwestern Univ., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **July 1,** 8 p.m.: "Mysticisim and Religion," W. T. Stace, prof. of philosophy, Princeton Univ.; Cahn auditorium, Emerson st. at Sheridan rd.; **July 8,** 8 p.m.: "Meaning of Modern Art," Thomas M. Folds, art dept., Northwestern, Cahn; **July 15,** 8 p.m.: "Building Bridges thru Books," Jesse Stuart, author and lecturer, Cahn; **July 20,** 8 p.m.: "Trends of Higher Education," S. N. Brownell, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Cahn; **July 21,** 8 p.m.: "Vocational Possibilities in Instrumental Music," Helen Thompson, sec. of American Symphony Orch. league, Lutkin Hall, University pl. at Orrington av.; **July 27,** 8 p.m.: "From Amsterdam to Evanston: Significance and Development of the World Council of Churches," Leslie E. Cooke, pres. Congregational Union of England and Wales, Cahn; **July 28,** 8 p.m.: "Music Therapy," Jules Masserman, prof. nervous and mental diseases, Northwestern, Lutkin hall; **July 29,** 8 p.m.: U. S. Rep. Marguerite S. Church, Cahn.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Contemporary Chinese painting by Ma Shou-Hua, thru July 4. Satirical and humorous photographs by Robert Doisneau, thru July 1. Chinese and Japanese painting, opening July 11. Masterpieces of religious painting, opening July 15. European streets and children, by Swiss photographer Sabine Weiss, opening July 15. Continuing exhibitions: survey of prints and drawings from the Print Dept. collection; early Chelsea porcelain from the collection of M. G. Kaufman; Americana: furniture, textiles, misc. objects; miniature relief sculpture in wax from the collection of Mrs. Alfred E. Hamill. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun., holidays.

Chicago Galleries Assn., 2nd fl., 30 s. Michigan av. (CE 6-9646). Selections from previous exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. 9 a.m. to 3:45 p.m.

Mandel Brothers Art Exhibition Galleries, 8th fl., 1 n. State st. (ST 2-1500, ext. 893). Oils and watercolors by Ida Ritter, Andrew Bucci, L. Roebuck Keeler and Mary Alice Bredine. Daily 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m. Mon. & Thu. 9:15 a.m. to 8:45 p.m.

Adele Lawson Galleries, 3rd fl., Palmer House, 119 s. State st. (FR 2-0790). Prints by French contemporary artists. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

All-Illinois Society of Fine Arts, (WA 2-4400). Water colors and paintings by members, Conrad Hilton Hotel, 720 s. Michigan av., room 564-A. Water colors by members, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. & Michigan av., w. mezzanine.

Renaissance Society, Univ. of Chicago,

108 Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). Paintings, prints, drawings, sculpture by professional members. Mon-Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Todros Geller Gallery, Board of Jewish Education, 72 e. 11th st. (HA 7-5570). Paintings from the Todros Geller collection. Sun.-Thu. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Fri. 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. 6 to 10 p.m.

Artists Equity Assn., 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (SU 7-2959). Paintings, prints, sculpture by Chicago artists, for rent at reasonable monthly fees. Tue.-Sat., noon to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 to 5 p.m.

Newman Brown Gallery, 15 e. Grand av. (WH 4-4088). Paintings by American and Italian artists. Daily 3 to 9 p.m.; Sat. noon to 6 p.m.

Chicago Society of Artists, 613 n. State st. (DE 7-5637). Pictures in all media by the entire membership. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Cromer & Quint Galleries, Tree Studio bldg., 613 n. State st. (DE 7-5637). Collection of antique European prints. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Main Street Gallery, Main Street book store, 642 n. Michigan av. (SU 7-6600). Etchings and aqua tints by Vera Burdick, thru July 15. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Allan Frumkin Gallery, 152 e. Superior st. (SU 7-0564). Review of the season. Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Elizabeth Nelson Galleries, 109 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6994). Group show, local and national artists. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6779). Group exhibition, American artists. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley Field, Clark & Addison sts. (BU 1-5050). Vs. St. Louis, July 2 (ladies' day), 3, 4 (double header); Milwaukee, July 6, 7, 8 (ladies' day); Pittsburgh, July 15 (double header), 16, 17; Brooklyn, July 18, 19 (ladies' day), 20; New York, July 21, 22 (ladies' day); Philadelphia, July 23, 24, 25 (double header). Game time 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey Park, w. 35th st. & Shields av. (WA 4-1000). Vs. Baltimore, July 5 (double header); Cleveland, July 9 (night), 10, 11 (double header); New York, July 27 (night), 28, 29; Philadelphia, July 30 (night), 31. Afternoon games 1:30 p.m. Night games 8:30 p.m.

golf

City Women's District Championship, Medinah Country club, Lake st., Medinah (ST 2-7485). July 6-10.

Pater-Filius, Midlothian Country club, Midlothian (ST 2-7485). Oldest father-son tournament. July 8.

Pro-Ladies, Ravisloe Country club, Western av., Homewood (ST 2-7485). July 19.

City Amateur, Jackson Park golf course (ST 2-7485). July 19-24.

Four Ball Invitational, Butterfield Country club, Hinsdale (ST 2-7485). July 21-25.

Qualifying, U.S. Amateur, Skokie Country club, 500 Washington st., Glencoe (ST 2-7485). July 27. (Practice July 19.)

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Midwest Amateur, Waveland golf course, Lincoln Park (ST 2-7485). July 28-31.

Champion of Champions, Park Ridge Country club, Park Ridge (ST 2-7485). July 29.

harness racing

Chicago Downs, Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Post time 8:30 p.m.

horse racing

Arlington Park, Rt. 14, Arlington (HA 7-3181).

polo

Oak Brook Polo Club, Internat'l Fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Every Sun. and holiday, 3 p.m.

stock car and midget auto racing

Chicago Auto Racing Assn., Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-8677). July 2, 9, 11, 16, 18, 25 and 30. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

Midget Auto Racing Assn., Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-8677). July 23. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

yachting

Saugatuck Race, Jackson Park Yacht club, 64th st. & Lake Michigan (BU 8-9714). July 2.

Lake Michigan Yachting Assn. Regatta, Macatawa Bay Yacht club, Holland, Mich. Large Yachts, July 4.

Macatawa Bay to Belmont Harbor Race, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Monroe st. (ST 2-9245). July 4.

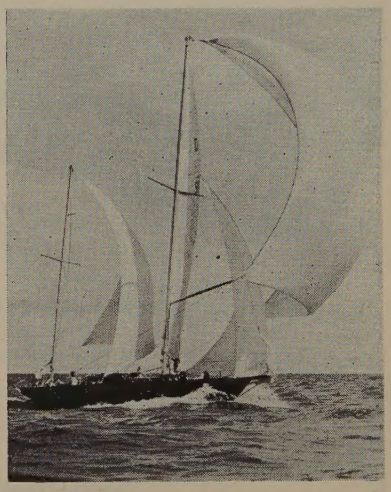
Small Boat Regatta, Burnham Park Yacht club, 1500 s. Linn White (WE 9-9400). July 3, 4, 5.

Montrose Harbor to Sturgeon Bay, "E" Class cruising division, Chicago Corinthian Yacht club, foot of Montrose av. (ED 4-9130). July 9.

Open Regatta Universal & Cruising Divn., Burnham Park Yacht club, 1500 s. Linn White (WE 9-9400). July 10.

Comm. McDermott Regatta, Lightning Class, Columbia Yacht club, foot of Washington st. (AN 3-8111). July 17.

Chicago to Mackinac Island Race, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Monroe st. (ST 2-9245). July 24.



Lake Michigan Yachting Assn. Mallory Cup Eliminations, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Monroe st. (ST 2-9245). July 30, 31; Aug. 1.

tennis

Nat'l Clay Courts Championship, River Forest Tennis club, 615 Lathrop, River Forest (FO 9-7160). July 12-18.

City Championships, Chicago public parks tourneys, Garfield Park, 300 n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). July 24-25.

FOR THE CHILDREN of special interest

Free children's movies about American pioneer life will be shown at Chicago

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AUGUST issue

of CHICAGO

— **Riverview:** midsummer madness at popular prices. A picture story.

— **"Lake Chicago."** The story of this area in pre-historic times.

— a short story by B. Traven, author of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."

On your news-stand the last

Friday in July.

Historical Society (Clark st. & North av.) in a weekly series from June 29 thru August 18, in the annual "Summer Fun" program. This very popular program is being offered in two shifts this year, with the movies on a reservation basis on Tuesdays, and open to the public on Wednesdays. Only a few seats are left for the Tuesday showings: call the Education dept. MIchigan 2-4600. Wednesday showings are on a first-come first-served basis. **June 29-30:** "Sweet Land of Liberty," an educational film; "Broken Arrow," part I, the first third of the Technicolor movie about the early West; and "Old Glory," a color cartoon. **July 6-7:** "Johnny Appleseed," "Broken Arrow" part II, and "Often an Orphan," a cartoon. **July 13-14:** "Flatboatmen of the Frontier," "Broken Arrow" part III, and "Rabbit Hood." **July 20-21:** "Pioneers of the Plains," "Buffalo Bill" part I (to be shown in three parts), and "Awful Annie." **July 27-28:** "Gold Rush Boy," "Buffalo Bill" part II, and "Back Alley Uproar." Tuesdays, 9:45 & 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Wednesdays 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

music

Ravinia Park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Young People's Concert, Chicago Symphony Orch., Izler Solomon conducting. 4 p.m. Sunday, July 11.

art exhibit

Leonard Linn Galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). "Into a Child's World," exhibit of young children's art. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Open house Sun., July 4.

swimming

Beginners' classes are open to children 8 years old or more, in the annual city-wide Learn to Swim campaign. Classes begin at all park-operated swimming pools during the week of July 5. Park District physical instructors supervise all classes.

City-Wide Swimming Meet, Riis Park, Fullerton & Meade avs., 7 p.m. Friday, July 23.

story hours

Chicago Public Library branches will sponsor story hours in city parks during July. Consult branch libraries for hours.

camping

Day camps for children aged 7 to 12 are operated in more than 35 parks by the Park District. Moderate fees are charged to cover cost of materials, milk and special trips. For information call your local park. Camps open July 6. Children should be registered the week before.

zoos

Brookfield, 14 miles w. of the Loop in Brookfield, Ill. (HU 5-0263). In addition to the big zoo, there's a special 2½-acre children's zoo. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun. & holidays; other days 30c.

Hawthorn Mellody Farm, U.S. 21, Milwaukee av., 3 miles s. of Libertyville (BE 5-5600). A farm zoo. Weekdays &

Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free weekdays; Sundays adults 25c, children 10c.

Indian Boundary Park, Lunt & Rockwell avs. (RO 4-7648). A small outdoor zoo always open.

Lincoln Park, 2200 n. in Lincoln Pk. (LI 9-3009). Mammals, birds, reptiles. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Trailside Museum of Nat. Hist., 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest, in Thatcher Woods forest preserve. (FO 9-6530). Local birds and animals. Daily except Thurs., 10 a.m. to noon and 1 to 5 p.m.

DINING OUT
with entertainment and/or dancing

Balinese Room, Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). Music for dancing by the Hal Otis or George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m. Sat. to 2 a.m.

Black Orchid, Rush at Ontario st. (MO 4-6666). Some of the best entertainment in town. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30 p.m.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush st. (SU 7-5060). The Monday Night Sing Along is just as popular as the regular calypso show. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30 p.m., midnight, 2 a.m.

The Buttery, Ambassador West, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American music. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Superb French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's band. Noon to 3 p.m.; 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks ct. (DE 7-3434). Celebrity-society spot, with entertainment by the who's who of show business. Evenings to 4 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. & midnight, late shows Fri. & Sat. 2:15 a.m.

Chez Paul, 180 e. Delaware (DE 7-7208). Fine fare. Noon to 10 p.m.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark sts. (FR 2-2100). Dine western style, with music better than any you'd hear back of the old bunk house. Noon to 1 a.m.

Corona Cafe, 531 Rush st. (WH 4-9288). Nothing fancy, but fine thick steaks and Italian specialities. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

George Diamond's Steak House, 512 s. Wabash av. Seven-inch steaks. 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sun. 3 to 10 p.m.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe sts. (RA 6-7500). Jose Greco leaves July 1, is followed by the Park Avenue hillbilly, Dorothy Shay. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. & midnight.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Music by Wayne Muir and the "Glass Hatters." 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). With dancing. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m.

Gold's, 810 w. Roosevelt rd. (SE 3-4300). Some of the finest kosher cooking in town. 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison sts. (FR 2-0700). A tropical setting; music by Charlie Agnew. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dancing after 9:30 p.m.

Marine Dining Room & Beach Walk, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Indoors or out, these are pleasant places for dining or dancing. Open to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & 11 p.m.; Sat. 8:30 & 11:30 p.m.

The Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, n. State st. at Goethe (SU 7-7200). A celebrity meeting-place of more than passing elegance. David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.

Sheraton Lounge, Sheraton hotel, 505 n. Michigan av. (WH 4-4100). Featuring the Lenaud sisters, pianists. Tue.-Sat. 5:30 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). An Alpine setting. Endre Ocskay's violin and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

DINING OUT
with atmosphere

The Anchorage, Windemere Hotel, 56th st. & Hyde Park blvd. (FA 4-6000). Savory curries, English-style Sunday breakfast and a beautiful view of Jackson Park are house specialties. 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams st. (HA 7-3170). Quell a hearty appetite with Thuringer sausage, corned beef and cabbage, hasenpfeffer with dumplings or other German fare. 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Binyon's, 327 s. Plymouth ct. (WE 9-8498). La Salle streeters' favorite. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush st. (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 5:30 to 9:30 p.m.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Boston Oyster House, Morrison Hotel, 79 w. Madison st. (FR 2-9600). A haven in the heart of the Loop serving, with considerable pride, sea foods and meat and fowl. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Black Forest Restaurant, 2636 n. Clark st. (DI 8-7930). German food in a hunting lodge atmosphere. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton st. (AN 3-8310). Wild game in season, from buffalo to bear, wild fowl from duck to pheasant, and Bohemian pastries. 7 a.m. to midnight, Closed Sundays.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). French fare in a gay Gallic setting. Recommended: crepes suzette. 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

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Enjoy the delicious food we bring you fresh from the haunts of field, stream and air.
Try a BUFFALO-BURGER today!
Cafe Bohemia
Clinton & Adams
Across from Union Station
Closed Sunday & Holidays

DOROTHY SHAY, the fabulous "Park Avenue Hillbillie," returns to the Empire Room of the Palmer House for a six-week engagement beginning Thursday, July 1. An extra added attraction is the European dance team of Darvas and Julia. Charlie Fisk and his orchestra continue to play for the show and dancing.

Call "FRITZ" RA-6-7722
shows at 8:30 and 12:00 Nightly

Empire ROOM
THE PALMER HOUSE

Guey Sam's, 2205 Wentworth av. (VI 2-7840). In the heart of Chinatown. 11 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario st. (WH 4-2700). The elaborate smorgasbord is a ritual in this elegant show place. Reservations required for the puppet opera. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-9040). Weather permitting, dine under gay umbrellas by a fountain. Noon to 11 p.m.

Jules', 814 w. 71st st. (AB 4-1652). Famous "hand me down" French and Creole recipes. Noon to 12:30 a.m. Closed Tue.

London House, 360 n. Michigan av. (AN 3-6920). Ad men, radio and TV personnel go there for prime steaks and chops. 7:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-9701). Patio dining in summer. The house has a thoughtful arrangement to serve your dinner before the theater and coffee and dessert afterward. 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Pete's Steaks, 116 n. Dearborn st. (DE 2-1268). Showpeople, says the management, dine here. 11:30 a.m. to midnight.

Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-8815). The sidewalk cafe is a summertime favorite. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Well of the Sea, Hotel Sherman, 106 w. Randolph st. (FR 2-2100). A dim, deep-sea hide away. Noon to 1 a.m.

DINING OUT
well worth the drive

Long Grove, Illinois, 10 miles n.w. of Wheeling, intersection of routes 53 & 83. Here is a pleasant place to spend a summer day or a few leisure hours. This friendly unique village is something of a community project, and certainly a matter of community pride. Long Grove is a charming collection of unusual shops and activities. Among the former: **The Farmside Country Store** (Libertyville 2-3835) with its old-fashioned help-yourself cracker barrel, a variety of gifts, many in copper and wrought iron, and epicurean groceries. (The Country Store closes Wed. aft., incidently). **The Farmside Antiques** (open only Tue., Thur., Sat.) in the basement of the Country Store is a grandmother's cellar of surprises. **The Crossroad Exchange** (Libertyville 2-1544), a wonderful pot-pourri of antiques large and small, and bric-a-brac left by the owners for resale. Adjoining is a tea-room with delicious homemade pies, cakes, salads, soups, sandwiches. **The White Barn** (Libertyville 2-8589), actually is an old barn that has been converted to a show place for an impressive collection of those hard-to-find imported antiques of the 18th Century. **Mary Hardenbergh's Antiques** (Libertyville 2-1694), many the result of foraging trips East, and all handsome prizes for collectors. **Rural Rags,** custom-designed country clothes as well as handmade and ready-made accessories, all in a delightful boutique atmosphere. **Sinnott Custom Shop,** exciting new designs in enamel on copper jewelry, also jewelry designed to match your own fabrics, and hand-painted trays, homemade jellies and, if you can talk them into it, picture framing. But the piece de resistance of this wonderful place is the lady barber who shaves and clips on Wed. and Sat. in a barber shop with a shocking pink door. Long Grove is well worth a summer drive and a huzza!

Glenview Country House, 1560 Waukegan rd., Glenview (GL 4-1646). The garlic dressing and the pianist are better than most. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

The Greenhouse, North av. & Lake st., Elmhurst (Elmhurst 5153). Dinner in a conservatory atmosphere. Noon to 9 p.m.

Hank's, U. S. 41, Waukegan (Delta 6-0514). Maria at the organ on week nights, dancing on Sat. night; good food day and night. 9 a.m. to 2 a.m.

The Little Traveler, 404 n. 3rd st., Geneva (Geneva 3200). Charming gift shop and tea room. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Milk Pail, e. River rd. (State 25) near East Dundee (Elgin 5112). A fine stop for countryside explorers and lovers of fish, fowl, game and country foods. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Mathon's, 6 e. Clayton st., Waukegan (Ontario 2-3610). Fish fresh from boat to table and sea foods fit for ichthyophagists. Noon to 9:30 p.m. Closed Mon.

Plentywood Farm, Church rd., Bensenville (Bens. 250). Ample and appetizing farm fare at reasonable prices. Noon to 8 p.m.

Phil Smidt & Son, 1205 n. Calumet av., Hammond, Ind. (Whiting 25 or 26). Fish and sea food with family-style accompaniments. Weekdays 11:45 a.m. to 11 p.m., Sun. 1:30 to 10:30 p.m.

Contributors

The project *Harry Weese* describes in *We Can Build Islands in the Lake* was originally the subject of a professional paper submitted by Mr. Weese and two colleagues at the 1952 meeting of the American Institute of Architects and the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Paul Warren, who wrote *The Midnight Proletariat,* a review of John Bartlow Martin's book on prisons, is himself a former prison inmate and has also written a book on prison, "Next Time Is for Life."

The man who laments that *It Could Only Happen to the White Sox* is *Warren Brown,* for 20 years a local sportswriter. Mr. Brown is the author of a history book, "The Chicago White Sox," (Putnam, 1952).

The campfire-girl imagination that fashioned *The Well Furnished Lair* belongs to *Georgia Nicholas,* a writer and literary agent now in New York.

Frank J. Cipriani (Midwestern Vacations) is outstanding in the field of travel writing and is currently travel editor of The Tribune.

The men who wrote *Vest Pocket Airline* are both currently engaged in the administration of the Associated Writers' Bureau. Charles Ballenger is a former newspaperman and Richard Dunlop was Washington correspondent for Newsweek.

MOVIES

FIT TO BE SEEN

Beat the Devil, script by Truman Capote and John Huston, directed by Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley and Gina Lollobrigida. An ingenious farce, and one of Huston's best.

Executive Suite, directed by Robert Wise, with William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Frederic March and June Allyson. Interesting, big picture that says adult things about big business.

Genevieve (English), with John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan. Charming comedy about old cars and modern manners.

Glenn Miller Story, with James Stewart and June Allyson. Pleasant, low pressure reminiscence about the Forties with some excellent music.

Golden Coach, directed by Jean Renoir, with Anna Magnani. Spain's golden age, with Renoir's extraordinary color and Magnani speaking her version of English.

The Holly and the Ivy (English), with Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. Very acceptable English drama.

It Should Happen to You, script by Garson Kanin, with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, Jack Lemmon and Connie Gilchrist. Neat, if simple, comedy vastly enriched by Judy Holliday.

Knock on Wood, with Danny Kaye. Vigorous farce on the international scene; Danny Kaye's best film in years.

No words needed.

Before ever he speaks a word, he asks your love. In it begins the security he will need forever.

The whimper when he's hungry, the sigh of peace when he's fed and warm, the cuddle of his sleepy body—all these tell a need that never ends. The need that none of us outgrows: to be safe and secure in body and heart as long as we live.

The security of our homes is a universal dream. That each of us is free to make secure the lives of those we love, is our peculiar privilege.

As we take care of our own, we also take care of America. Out of the security of each home rises the security of our country.

Your security and your country's begin in *your* home.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan.* Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series E Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today?

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WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

Illustrated by Darrill Connelly

"As far as I can see," said the young clubman, there's nothing worth looking at, and nobody worth knowing, anywhere west of the Water Tower."

Rdctn in Gd

▪ Not even the Senator from Wisconsin could have so deflated and outraged a member of the military as did the panhandler who hailed a full colonel, West Point stiff and parade ground shiny, emerging from the Civic Opera building.

Said the mendicant: "Hey — Sarge!"

The Shoeshine Boy Who Couldn't Pop the Rag

▪ Like all free lance operators, writers, artists, and sidewalk pitchmen, the lad was running up against the opposition of the institutionally entrenched. He listened patiently to the quiet admonitions of the porter in the men's room of the Central Station at Michigan and Roosevelt road, who told him that this territory belonged to the shoe shine concession and, if the kid wanted to stay healthy, he'd better get out and work the street where there was no competition.

"Uh-huh," said the boy, neither affirming nor denying the wisdom of these statements. "But I just come in here to wash my hands is all."

Clifton Boone, aged 10, is new at the game of commercial shoe shining altho he claims to have been polishing shoes all his life. "I shine shoes for my mama and papa and brother and sisters and go along with my cousin when he shine shoes, but this is only my second time out by myself."

Settling down on his knees on the stone floor of the station, with his wooden shoe shine kit between his knees, he cast a wary glance back at the door to the men's room where the porter had lectured him. He took out

his supplies and arranged them around himself. Guiding his customer's shoe to the trivet on the box, he fell to an energetic scuffling of the leather to remove the surface dirt before he applied the brown Shinola polish. He used a stiff bristled brush, rocking his thin frame from side to side as he applied body English to the task.

He was neatly dressed in clean blue jeans, a tan striped cotton jersey, and reasonably polished brown shoes. Around his neck he wore a thick white string with a door key attached to it. "My mother, she sometimes sleeping," he said, explaining that he often gets home late in the evening, even when he's out playing. He lives with his mother and father, brother and two sisters in a third floor flat at 510 east 38th street. He is the oldest child in the family and is trying to help out because his father, an auto mechanic, has been out of work. Clifton attends Doolittle elementary school, grade 5-A. It was at the suggestion of his 14-year old cousin, Pete, that he began trying to earn some money on weekends by shining shoes.

His cousin, who lives over on 35th street, is sponsoring Clifton in the new venture. The aluminum painted shoe shine kit and the supplies that Clifton use belong to Pete, who made the kit himself. They have worked out a sensible business arrangement, with Clifton giving his cousin a fourth of the take for the use of the equipment. Being friends as well as relatives, they trust each other for a fair and equitable division of the profits.

After applying the brown polish with his bare fingers, the lad spat on the toe of the shoe for the added shining ingredient; and then sat back on his heels for a moment to rub his nose. "That bathroom man should see me now," he snickered, meaning the porter in the men's room. He hunched his shoulders in a gesture of furtive delight.

Taking out a red woolen rag from his hip, he paused briefly to carefully push back the lining of his pocket before he bent to his task. Dropping his head over the shoe, he buffed it vigorously over the toe and around the crown and in the instep, putting his back into it, rising on his knees from time to time for added pressure. He used the rag with both hands, gripping it lightly but firmly as he worked over the leather. Speaking more to himself than to his customer, he muttered: "But I can't put the pop in the rag like some of 'em do."

In order to explain the technique, he sat back on his heels again, putting his cloth down beside himself and clasped his hands between his knees. He frowned in concentration, squinting at a point in the ceiling across the waiting room of the station. "Ahh," he began with difficulty, "it, it make a pop like when you snap on the rag, but I can't do it like some can."

To illustrate, he took the rag again and began pulling it off the toe of the shoe in both gripped fists, then bringing his hands together for an instant before snapping the rag between them. The rag made only little sounds, hardly pops at all. He kept trying but he couldn't snap it with the dramatic retorts he wanted.

"See what I mean?" he said in frank disapproval of his style, "I can't do it good at all." Abandoning any further attempts at showmanship, he proceeded with the job. " 'Course, I use a wool rag," he said by way of objective appraisal, "which don't snap easy." Scrubbing the shoe leather with it, he added: "But it do give you a better shine."

Putting in the finishing touches, Clifton explained that a good day's work amounted to about ten shines at 15 cents apiece. Outside of the kit, which you could make yourself, the only initial investment was two cans of Shinola, black and brown, which sold for 20 cents each in the store. By midmorning he had given only two shines, but that was because he'd got off to a late start that morning by having to mop up the floors for his mother before he left the house.

After finishing the shine he gathered up his supplies and stood up. "I gotta meet my cousin who's working over by Walgreen's," he said. It wasn't his cousin Pete he was meeting, but his other cousin, Daniel Boone, who like himself was new in the shoeshine game. Together they might go up toward the Loop by way of Grant Park, looking for customers, but maybe spending some time at Buckingham Fountain. "Maybe they'll turn the water on," he said.

With his kit beneath his arm, he walked rapidly across the vast waiting room of the station, looking back a couple times, as tho anticipating the hand of opposition on his shoulder.

It's All Knees

▪ Tex pointed thru the window to the jouncing back of a large lady rider.

"Licks me why they can't learn to post when that horse trots. Horse must feel like he's carrying a piano down the cellar steps. Must give John fits."

John, the owner and chief instructor of a riding academy on Clark street, was astride his horse and watching his class as they circled the indoor riding ring.

Tex slouched down on the bench in the outer office. He propped one leg over the other, carefully pulling up the trouser to show the ivory-colored leather boot, soft, beautifully cut and designed, and as daintily pointed as a flapper's slipper.

He tugged at the curled brim of his cowboy hat and allowed as how he liked to spend his evenings here since it meant horses and at least a whisper of his native Panhandle.

His days are spent at Hines hospital where his withered right arm is being treated.

"I've been here in Chicago for some time now but I'm as much at home in this big city as a rooster in the library. Not for me." He shook his head and clasped a knee.

"I'm a rodeo rider and a horse breaker. I was in my first rodeo at fourteen. Know how old I am? Sixty-one."

He paused and turned, expecting a protest that he didn't look that old. He got it. His pencil-thin form showed up taut and quick in the close-fitting blue denim jacket and pants. The blue eyes lit up a face that should have been 15 years younger.

"Brahma bulls?" he snorted.

"I've ridden a thousand of 'em. Meanest things on four legs. Those bulls raised in Spain and Mexico and thereabouts for bull fighting are teased when they're babies to make 'em grow up mean. But brahmas are born that way. The white one like the sacred cow in India can be trained down after a while but the red one and dark brown and the black one would spear a three-year-old tot or a puppy as quick as it could get at them. I've been tossed ten feet in the air by the horns of a brahma and kicked when I came down.

"Fellow who owned a rodeo I was with once had a brahma get loose. Finally rounded him up three days later after he'd killed two or three horses, some cattle, knocked down a shed or two, tore up crops and scared the mothers in the countryside out of their wits. Cost the boss more than fifty thousand dollars to pay the damage.

"They're tougher to ride than a horse usually but you get one o' them sunfishin' broncs — you got to keep your jaw clamped shut or you'll bite your tongue clean off."

He was silent, and looked up at the bobbing heads of the riding class. Then abruptly, "I'm having this thing taken off at the elbow. Doesn't do me any good."

"Will you still be able to handle a horse?"

"Sure. You can ride a good horse without any hands. It's all knees and the swing of the body."

Again a musing silence. Then the clang of the passing streetcar roused him and he stood up, balancing dangerously on the high heels and sharp toes of his boots.

"I'm lookin' forward to the time when I can get back to Texas to my five kids and do some horse work."

He pulled at the hat brim, opened the door and teetered out across the street amid the passing automobiles.

"Get Out of Town!"

▪ The man who runs the news-stand on the northwest corner at Randolph and State bellows this into the crowd. He pauses and adds in a conversational tone: "— papers here."

Eleven Come Seven

▪ The rise in coffee prices, brought on by the fact that they no longer have such a lot of it in Brazil, has increased the toll to the consumer not only at grocery stores and restaurants, but also at some vending machines. In various parts of the city, nickel machines have been hauled away and replaced by seven-cent ones.

The seven-centers are dreadful devices in which it is necessary to deposit first two cents, then a nickel, dime or quarter. Ten-cent machines would be preferable all the way around, bringing more revenue to their owners and less fuss to customers. But the seven-cent dispensers do have one redeeming feature, a nostalgic one. They bring to mind the Great Rush Street Beer Inflation of 1950.

Early that year the several boites along the avenue which still purveyed barley malteds on draft found it necessary to raise the tariff. They had been getting a dime a glass, but one after another went to 15 cents until that was the established price all along the street — except for the northernmost block.

There, between Bellevue and Cedar, overlooking the little triangular park, the line was held by Morris Gottlieb, the little man who ran the Little Man's tavern. Dean of the community's innkeepers, he had begun by selling martinis in his delicatessen down the street in 1933. He was not going to abandon ten-cent beer as if it were some transitory phenomenon like Lucky Strike green or two-story buses.

It became more and more apparent, however, that the dime glass of beer simply was not a profit-making commodity. Finally Morris relented. He raised the price — to eleven cents. A less popular move could not be imagined. The bar and the patrons' pockets were immediately overburdened with pennies. His wife, Jennie, urged him in vain to charge 15 cents. The customers begged to be allowed to pay that price. But Morris had made his compromise and would not be moved further. The price was eleven cents.

▪ Since then the Little Man has gone back to his native New York, his doctor having advised him to take a rest. Morris had been putting in 16 hours a day, seven days a week, for 17 years in his Rush street tavern. And when he left, he probably took with him the distinction of being the only man to sell eleven-cent beer in Chicago.

Small Businessmen

▪ Merchants of the Morse Avenue District Business association and the property owners on the street were considering putting up mercury vapor lamps for the convenience of night-time shoppers.

While the north side of Morse avenue is lined with retail stores, the south side has mostly dwellings, and a few service businesses which don't need the Thursday night customers to survive. Eventually, the southsiders backed out of the deal, and the northsiders went ahead and ordered the lamps.

You don't get nothin' for nothin', said the boys on the north side of the street — and they put the lamps up with the goosenecks overhanging the sidewalk instead of the street. After all, said one, pointing south, why should we light their side?

So now the roofs on the north side of Morse avenue are excellently lighted, as are the upper walls of the buildings. But the angle is wrong for the lights to help the window displays, and stores which aren't directly beneath lamps derive little more benefit than those across the street — where the merchants are satisfied that the northsiders can't change the angle of the sun.

Hugh Riddle and one of his Cessnas, showing the Midway emblem.

The world's shortest airline carries commuters to and from the Loop at 150 m.p.h.

By Charles Ballenger and Richard Dunlop

VEST POCKET

▪ Tap any cinder-sprinkled, plush-seat weary commuter for a daydream, and you'll probably find his thoughts in the sky — the clean, blue, uncongested sky. One commuter named Hugh Riddle gave his daydream substance, and as a result several northern and western suburbs of Chicago are now getting a foretaste of what commuting will be like when the 8:10 has wings.

Riddle has founded the world's shortest airline and the first airline to fly regularly scheduled routes inside a city's metropolitan area. But it is much more than just a freak airline. Carrying thousands of passengers per month on regularly scheduled flights, Chicago's Midway Airlines has proved that intra-metropolitan flying is perfectly practical.

Riddle's Midway Airlines operates single-engined Cessnas and a two-engine, 10-place transport from headquarters at Sky Harbor on the North Shore. It runs regularly scheduled flights from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. each day between Sky Harbor, Du Page County Airport in the west suburbs, Meigs Field, the city's lake front landing strip, and the huge Midway Airport. None of these flights is over 17 minutes flying time; they cover an average of about 27 miles.

Twenty-five thousand passengers during the 36 months the line has been flying have proved that commuting by air between points only a few miles apart is practical and convenient.

Midway can also make an airline's supreme boast: it possesses a perfect safety record. No passenger has done more than stub a toe despite the fact that the line's operation is essentially a take-off and a landing, considered to be the hazardous moments of flying.

At least one executive has found it the quickest way to be resupplied with teeth. As the time for a recent conference was approaching this gentleman snapped his upper plate. With pursed lips, he phoned his wife and begged her to rush a spare set to him. Midway Airlines obliged and he was able to face the meeting with a smile.

▪ The morning scene at Sky Harbor is much the same as that outside any suburban railroad station except for the glimpse-into-the-future note that trains are replaced by planes. Wives, many still wearing housecoats, drive their husbands to the early plane, receive a loving peck for their pains and hurry home to get the kids off to school. Before incoming evening flights arrive, there are carloads of kids in pajamas waiting for Daddy to come flying home and help tuck them into bed.

With so many satisfied customers, it is no wonder that Riddle, a handsome man with an affable grin and a pilot's far-seeing eyes, speaks with conviction about the place of his fledgling airline in the metropolitan transport picture.

"In a way you might say the present tendency towards bigger and faster airplanes is defeating itself," he says. "To accommodate the mammoth new planes we keep moving our airports farther and farther out into the cornfields. And we haven't seen anything yet. When the jet jobs take over, Chicago and New York may as well go in together on a combined airport in Ohio.

"Perhaps it's more common than uncommon that a flight takes less time than traipsing out to the airport at one end and back to town at the other. Why, from my Highland Park home it may take me from an hour and a half to two hours to drive thru heavy traffic to get to Midway Airport. By public transportation it is even worse, if not impossible. We fly it in 17 minutes.

In any case, the facts and figures bear out Riddle's contention that a shuttle airline within a city area can be a successful and expanding operation. Midway currently is carrying upwards of 2,000 passengers a month plus an ever increasing lump of freight. The line already has carried as many as 124 paying passengers in a single day and could have carried more if equipment had been available.

After a shaky start, Midway now is making money and, unlike many a national airline, it has no government subsidy. If given the nod by necessary federal agencies, Midway has interesting

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Illustrated by Winnie Fitch and Joe Phelan

Photos by Robert Buchbinder

Commuters throng desk in last-minute rush for tickets at Midway airport.

plans for the future and for immediate expansion.

Despite its junior size, Midway is an airline in the true sense of the word. It is an airline like American, United or TWA, but everything except the crew and passengers is in miniature.

Thruout Midway's schedule, airplane mechanics are on duty. Line boys greet each flight; tickets are sold by uniformed clerks. A private radio station is in constant two-way contact with all planes. Up to the minute weather observations, wind direction and speed, complete reports on flying conditions are relayed to pilots in flight. Every safety factor is considered.

Midway doesn't even hire a pilot unless he has at least 2,000 hours of flying time and even then new pilots are put thru an intensive training course before being put on a regular run. One of the veteran pilots has logged 14,000 hours and another 10,000.

Like the big airlines, Midway publishes a schedule and keeps to it and, in the airlines tradition, planes are washed, ash trays emptied and floors swept after each flight.

In other aspects of its operation, Midway is a commutation service in the same way that suburban buses and trains are. It even sells a 10-ride commutation book. About 25 per cent of the line's passengers prefer to use these books and some already have gone thru 10 or 15 books. While only a few passengers now use the line to go from home to office they are increasing.

On the Sky Harbor-Midway run there are 14 scheduled flights a day but as many as 25 have been flown to take care of extra passengers. Thus far Midway has kept to its schedule with precision, being late only when held up by the vagaries of weather.

What's more — and this will astound the average suburbanite — Midway happily admits it is making some money and expects to make a lot more. There are no loud and disgruntled complaints on how it loses money on each man, woman and child it carries and stays in business only because it is forced to by an unreasoning state commission.

Fares on Midway are still judged to be high. Six dollars plus tax per ride on the Sky Harbor-Midway jump, for example, is not exactly peppercorn; but this doesn't seem so much when it is compared with seven-and-a-half to 10 dollars charged by a taxi for the trip.

One statistical-minded executive even called the ride cheap. He based this on what his time was worth, the wear and tear on the car, the distressing three hour drive for his wife and the necessity of either having a baby sitter or juggling the kids in the car.

In any event, Riddle is convinced that substantial cuts can be made in ticket prices as the use of bigger planes, such as the ten-place, two-engined craft Midway now is installing, make possible greater volume of traffic without a corresponding increase in overhead.

▪ Like most new ideas Midway took a lot of brain-beating back-breaking labor to get going. Even Hugh Riddle, believing as he did in his idea, had cause now and then for concern. But Riddle's idea has its roots as far back as his childhood.

As a boy he used to hang around a small airport near his Chicago home and contracted flying fever. However, he shook off the initial attacks with only a few flying lessons and went on to finish college. After college he went on to build a flourishing mortgage banking business, but he never lost interest in flying. World War II found him happily piloting Navy transports around the South Pacific and thinking out the bugs in his new idea for a commuter airline back home. He sold his mortgage banking business while shuttling from one Pacific atoll to another. When he came home, he had no job.

He took desk space in a Loop office and faced up to the troublesome details which had to be worked out before anything practical at all could be done. Equipment, traffic patterns, routes, personnel, operating minimums and other such puzzlers had to be solved before any sort of presentation could be made.

"At least it wasn't necessary for me to climb thru the transom to see businessmen," says Riddle. "Thinking Chicagoans all seemed to realize the need for some sort of fast commutation service to and from the airport. But the idea was too new to coax out much money. And I was determined also not to take money from anybody who couldn't afford a risk investment."

After exploring every nook and cranny where a spare dollar might be lurking, Riddle had only $17,000 in capital. This was something short of the $100,000 he had originally estimated the line would need to start flying. But it was clear to him that it was a case of now or never. He determined to go ahead with the fistful of cash he had on hand and paid out a down payment on the first of two five-seated Cessnas.

On June 30, 1950, Midway opened with a flourish. All flights were made

right on the button and operations went off with a top-notch airline smoothness. Uniforms were crisp and the planes sparkled. All that was lacking to make the day a big success were passengers. Not a single one showed up.

That evening Riddle was not at home to stock holders of the fledgling airline. Fine, forward-looking ideas seemed a little dreary.

The next day, however, along with coffee and aspirin came 17 beautiful cash-in-hand passengers. Midway Airlines was in business and that evening Riddle sat by his telephone pleasantly contemplating the cash receipts drawer.

At the end of the first year Midway could hardly have been called a smashing success. Bills were being paid with a considerable degree of regularity, all flying equipment was being kept in top shape, but salaries could hardly be described as princely. Riddle was pocketing little more than he paid the high school lad who acted as line boy. Now and then he had to remind himself he had a wife and three children.

In the early days Riddle's duties frequently seemed entirely commensurate with his salary. Passengers were a bit bewildered to find him sweeping out the hangar, pumping gas or acting as line boy after they had just talked to him in his office. Many a passenger bought his ticket from Riddle, had it collected by Riddle and then found the president at the controls when the plane took off.

Nearly every snow storm found Riddle guiding the small snow plow down the runway with a fine managerial hand. On Christmas Day, the first the line was in operation, Riddle pushed snow around from dawn to dusk when he turned the plow over to the outfit's vice president who was still at it at dawn the next day.

As Riddle puts it, "Pilots have to fly planes, mechanics service them, office help sells tickets and secretaries type. That leaves the president to do the odd things that come up."

And odd things certainly do come up for an air line which goes against the aviation trend towards longer and faster flights. Not only was it necessary to battle financial problems but there was hampering derision and resistance at Midway Airport.

Freighters and non-skeds at Chicago have to come in at the old terminal building, but Midway Airlines, proud of its scheduled flights, comes in at the beautiful new terminal with all the other scheduled lines. As the little Cessnas nestled beneath the wings of the huge sky liners, pilots of the big ships used to cast a derisive eye on them. Now and then there were words, not entirely cordial. But the big drivers came to respect and value Midway.

This fall huge United Airlines, after watching Midway's steady growth, negotiated an agreement with the commuter line. It will now sell tickets over Midway's routes.

At first even some weather bureau employees refused to believe that Midway's planes were capable of staying aloft in anything more serious than a gentle summer breeze. Yet Midway's percentage of completed flights compares favorably with that of national airlines.

More important to Midway's success in its early operations, some passengers cast a quizzical and doubting eye on the single-engined planes. Like most Americans they were sold on the theory that nothing less than four huge engines could possibly keep a plane flying.

One lady had been in the air for five minutes or so when she began to peer anxiously out first one window and then the other.

"Pilot," she said in a small tense voice. "Whatever has happened to our other motor? We've only got one."

Midway's veteran pilots soon learned that flying with paying passengers almost in their laps offered some special problems. Unlike in the big airliners where the pilots sit in splendid isolation and can fight the plane to a tough landing to suit themselves, Midway's flyers in an emergency must sweat only on the side away from the passengers.

"Many of the passengers can recognize a mistake with a flight fan's certainty," Riddle says, "and any good pilot will tell you that there is no such thing as a perfect flight. But as long as the pilot remains calm and assured the passengers will not be alarmed. Our boys have to remember that when you scare a passenger you've lost a customer."

▪ As an example of good pilot conduct in the face of real danger Riddle recalls, with a slight shudder, the time one of his flyers suffered an acute attack from an inflamed appendix while in mid-flight. Nauseated and almost doubled over from the pain, the pilot managed to conceal his plight from all but one passenger.

"Is something wrong?" inquired this man.

"Swallowed my gum," was the laconic reply.

The flyer brought the plane into a somewhat bumpy but safe landing and waited until the passengers had left before he collapsed.

Small plane pilots are even required to cope with more drastic situations on rare occasions. A man, obviously the loser in a long bout with bottled goodies, clambered aboard a special flight with his three small children. While the line usually refuses passage to drunks this gentleman appeared to be more frazzled than intoxicated so the pilot took off.

In the air the man's actions became erratic and it appeared that he was attempting to get the cabin door open to throw his children out and commit suicide. To frustrate the attempt the pilot flew in a steep bank which threw the man to the side of the plane away from the door until he fell to the floor, a weeping wreck. The children, oddly enough, were completely unperturbed and enjoyed the flight thoroly.

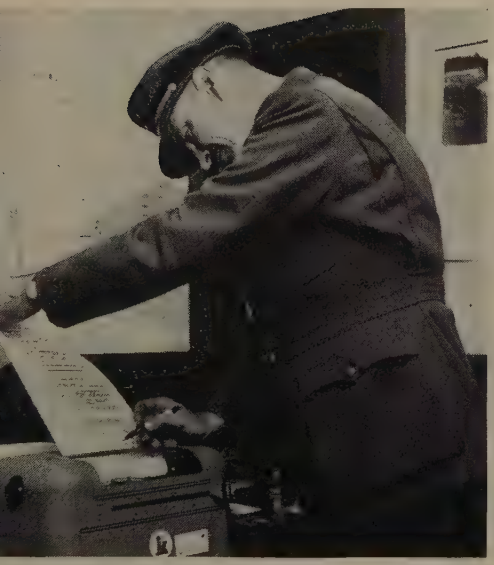
Incidents like this are, of course, the unusual. Generally the line wings back and forth placidly without surprise or comment. Suburban commuters are beginning to depend upon Midway Airlines, and as in many successful enterprises the line's most avid salesmen are its customers.

Thanks to Midway Airlines people living as much as eighty miles from the world's busiest airport find air travel from Chicago practical. These passengers drive to Midway's suburban landing fields over open country roads and hop over city congestion to the airport.

As people keep coming into his terminals from farther and farther away to make the flight to Chicago, Riddle

Chartered flights are logged by station agent Richard Wilton. These special hops to Midwestern points constitute a major Midway sideline.

Families rush to meet dads as Midway craft arrives at Sky Harbor at day's end.



Teletyped passenger list is checked by Riddle at Sky Harbor operations office.

Quick trip home is in store for business men as they prepare to board two-engine Lockheed at Midway Airport.

has realized that in the very near future the shuttle airline will be much expanded to form a kind of interurban commuting system. "Business is no longer a local affair," he says.

Cities like Chicago and Rockford, lying 90 miles apart, or Detroit and Battle Creek, Michigan, about 100 miles from each other, are inter-related more than ever before. Rockford people shop in Chicago and Chicago businesses have plants or buy in Rockford.

"Travel between points like these is very close to real commuting. Yet, with few exceptions, there is virtually no regular and frequent air service. These cities are what the airline people call 'last stops.' Major flights which originate at a distant city pick up their last passengers at a town like Rockford before jumping to the end of the run. For example, a flight which leaves Minneapolis at a convenient hour hits Rockford at a poor time for businessmen. Because of the time and costs involved in setting down at these last-stop cities the major airlines cannot afford to give more than a token service. Perhaps two poorly timed flights a day. Passengers can take it or leave it."

There are many who believe the answer to short air trips is the helicopter with its ability to hover and land in small areas. The most competent observers feel that eventually a helicopter capable of carrying a profitable payload will be developed, but that an efficient model at a low enough price has not yet come out of the factory.

Midway's own plans provide an indication of its present success and its faith in the future of air commutation. Applications are in for permits to operate over new routes. Scheduled services between Chicago and such other nearby points as the twin cities of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Michigan, and the Joliet-Kankakee area about forty miles downstate in Illinois, as well as Rockford, is being planned.

When Chicago's new international airport, O'Hare Field, takes over a part of the present airport's traffic, Midway expects to put in a shuttle service to link the two terminals.

Altho Midway has not yet developed to its fullest potential, it is demonstrating both popularly and profitably that the airplane can be adapted as a commuter vehicle. At this golden anniversary of powered flight others may point with more spectacular vision into the future, but Midway has made the vision real by taking mechanical equipment now available and putting the commuter in the air.

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Three generations

have courted

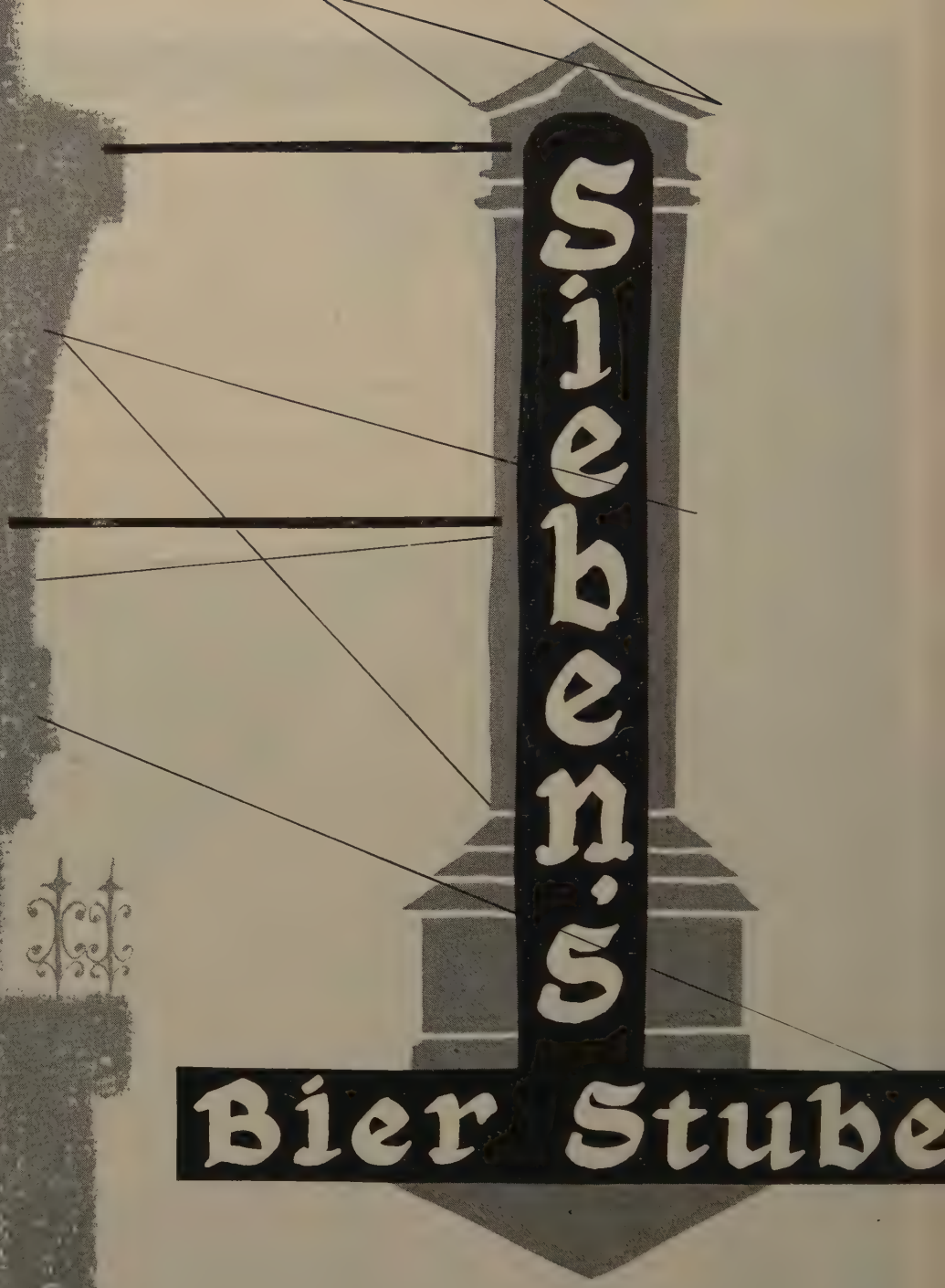
in the

summer courtyard

and sat

at the round tables

in winter



By Alan Whitney

Photographs by William Miller

Designed by Elsa Kula

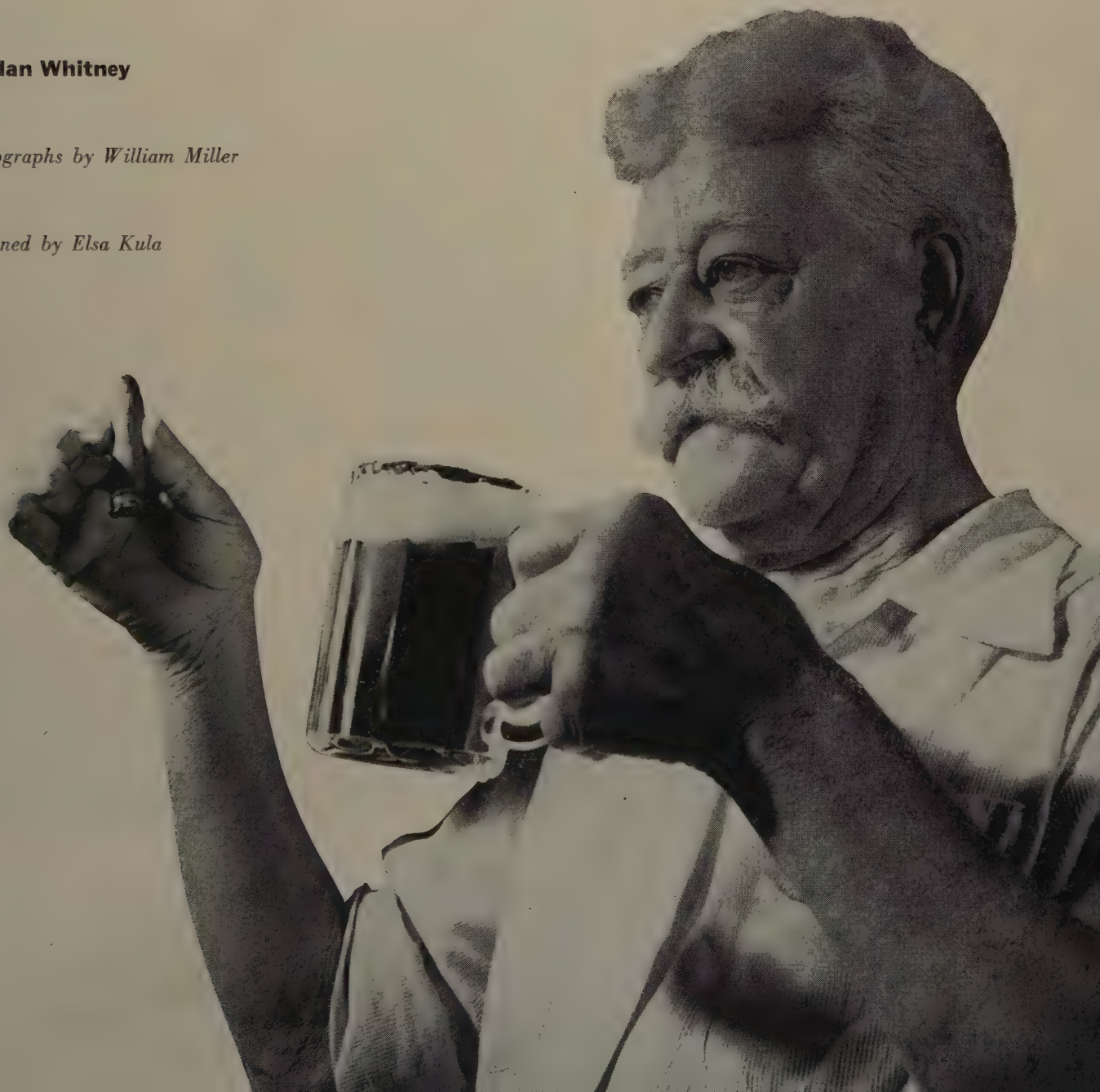
▪ July is a bleak month for the tavern business. All over town midsummer finds bartenders whiling away their ample spare time by polishing polished glasses and wiping nonexistent stains from the tippling surface. All over, that is, except at Sieben's Bier Stube out on north Larrabee street, where a busy night will find 23 waiters carrying big steins of draft beer to as many as 800 thirsty customers of diverse social and economic status.

Except during Prohibition, the Sieben family has been dispensing the amber refreshment at the same location since 1876.

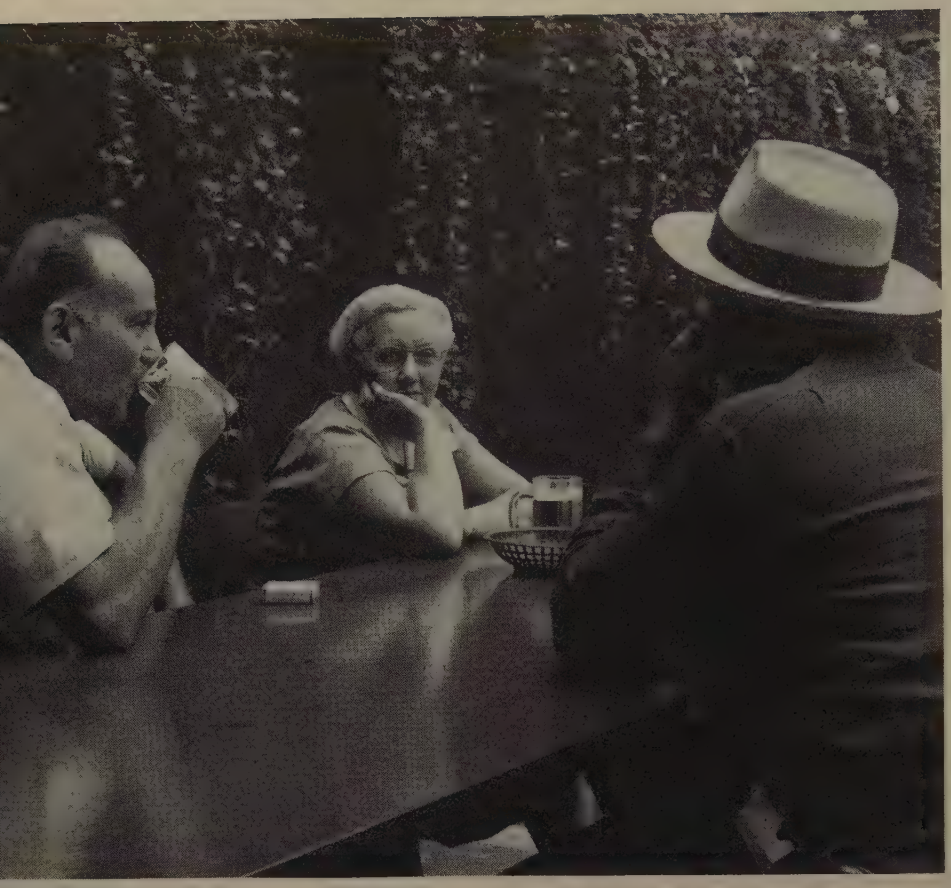
The bier stube and adjoining brewery were erected by Michael Sieben, who was born into a family of beer confectors in Germany in 1835 and died here 90 years later. Today the business is run by his ten grandsons.

Draft beer is *the* product at Sieben's, being the sole yield of the brewery and the only beverage served in the tavern. This has been the case thruout the history of the establishment. U. S. tax laws prohibit piping the brew directly from the vats to the bar, so it must be barrelled in the brewery proper and then brought around to the tavern at the front, just as if it were being taken to any other retail outlet. The government has even forced construction of an otherwise unnecessary high board fence at the rear of the bier stube's outdoor garden, to separate it physically from the high-turreted, castle-like brewery building.

Inside the stube are three large rooms with huge round wooden tables that seat ten customers each, with plenty of leg room. Doorways and windows are lofty in the style of 1876, complete with stained glass. The main room contains the bar (where ladies will not be served) and a score of tables. Doors at the rear lead thru a smaller inside room and out to the garden. Off the barroom is another large room, where the old-country at-



Upper left: Shimmering steins take on classic appearance as they filter light from stained glass window. Lower left: Two old-timers engage in lively disputation at round table below leaded casements in main room. Below: Veteran waiter hurries to outdoor garden, both hands heavily laden with steins. Management has decreed that no more than 16 steins may be carried at a time. At right: Summer's heat is forgotten as groups gather informally around picnic tables in outdoor garden. Ham and cheese sandwiches sate appetites provoked by amber brew.



mosphere is compromised to the extent of a television set built into one wall. Another wall has large murals of Michael Sieben's birthplace in Ebersheim near Mainz, Germany, and the original Sieben brewery that was located in the same town.

▪ The outdoor garden, open from mid-May to late September, is paved with red brick and furnished with long picnic tables and benches. It is invariably cool. Completely surrounded by the abruptly rising walls of the stube and the brewery, it gets only a few hours' sun per day and downdrafts of cool air in the evening. The federally required fence has been used to good advantage by lining its top with lanterns and flower boxes of trailing vines.

Sieben's clientele is an intimate, informal mixture of widely contrasting groups. The two most frequent types of patron are the old timer who lives or works around the neighborhood, and the well-to-do tourist who is attracted by the authentic old-country spirit of the place. There is no such thing as a private table, and it is not at all unusual to see sweat shirts and shop caps alongside Brooks Brothers suits and Countess Mara ties. Several Chicago Symphony Orchestra members of German ancestry have made the stube a rendezvous. One night a musician in full dress found himself at the bar next to an habitue in an undershirt.

Waiters commonly rush about the expansive Sieben's layout carrying 16 steins of beer, eight in each hand. The tavern's vast patronage and singleness of product make rapid distribution vital, and serving trays are not allowed to complicate the system. At one time waiters competed to see who could carry the most steins, double-decking them to set new records. But after a few flying-glass incidents, the management ruled that 16 is a maximum load.

▪ During Prohibition, the Sieben family took an enforced leave of absence from the malt and hops profession. And the premises of the brewery were taken over for a time by a group dedicated to the production of illegal four per cent beer. That enterprise ended abruptly on the night of May 19, 1924 when raiders caught nine trucks being loaded with barrels of the contraband. Such bootlegging luminaries as Dion O'Bannion and Johnny Torrio were arrested in that raid, along with a number of policemen who were guarding the operation instead of quashing it.

Since Repeal and resumption of control by the Sieben clan, the history of the old spa has been uniformly placid. In a time of fads and changing tastes in entertainment, it has stuck successfully to the tried and proven formula of *gutes Bier* and *Gemetlichkeit*.

Upper left: Neighborhood group relaxes near vine-trimmed wall of outdoor garden. Lower left: Medieval battlements of brewery building at rear contrast with casual 20th century garb of thirsty workmen. Below: Bright sunlight bakes cobblestone garden floor and perspiring customer as he anticipates another cooling draft.

HALF A MILLION CHICAGOANS will live on the Near East Side consisting of two long, narrow islands linked to the mainland by a bridge and two tunnels.

We can build islands in the lake to ease our critical shortage of urban land

half a city

By Harry Weese

▪ When a citizen is asked what is wrong with Chicago, a long list of possibilities comes readily to his mind. Is it crime, politics, newspapers, CTA, blight, or merely the wind? Much of this applies to any large city, tho Chicago has, secure in the knowledge of its blessings, indulged itself in more shortcomings than most. We don't have rock to blast or hills to flatten, nor do we build mile-long bridges and tubes or go hundreds of miles for water. We are sitting pretty, figuratively speaking, at an important crossroads of the world. Things are too easy for us. We haven't bestirred ourselves since 1871. There is no question but what we can solve these shortcomings if we wish, in due course, but there is one basic problem which has gone relatively unnoticed: a problem in geometry.

Half the city is missing.

In form, Chicago is a half-moon which follows the curve of the lake, while bulging out backward in a disorderly sprawl across the prairies. North, south and west are hemmed in by suburbs. Except for the reclamation that gave us the lake-front parks, Streeterville, and the land reclaimed by the steel industries, the city's missing half still lies 35 feet under to the east.

The need to rebuild is so urgent that it has led to renewed interest in planning, and the brilliant original Chicago Plan of Daniel Burnham. The plans now in view for remodeling the city, with their emphasis on the clearing of blighted areas for housing and industry, the construction of expressways and community facilities, are well calculated to reduce the welter of our urban life. They will improve this community. But they will not enlarge nor radically change it.

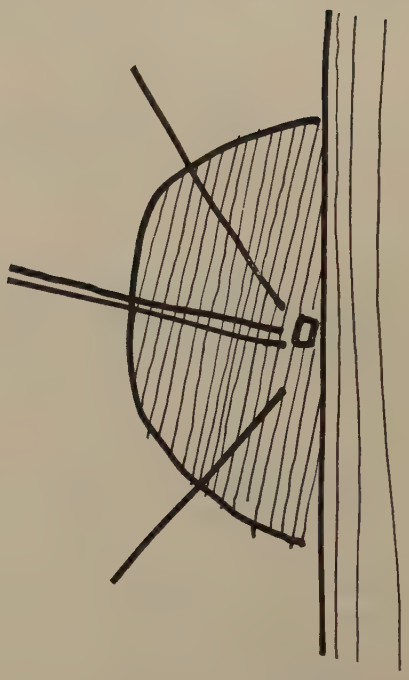
Other cities of our epoch have been given uninvited opportunities to rebuild: thru military demolition. Chicago, whose motto, *"Urbs in Horto,"* now sounds like a bad joke, is more fortunate; it can recreate itself by calling an immense new urban area out of the ooze of Lake Michigan.

The idea of creating offshore islands was one of Burnham's proposals in 1909: pleasure islands built in the lake by fill deposited in the shallower offshore stretches.

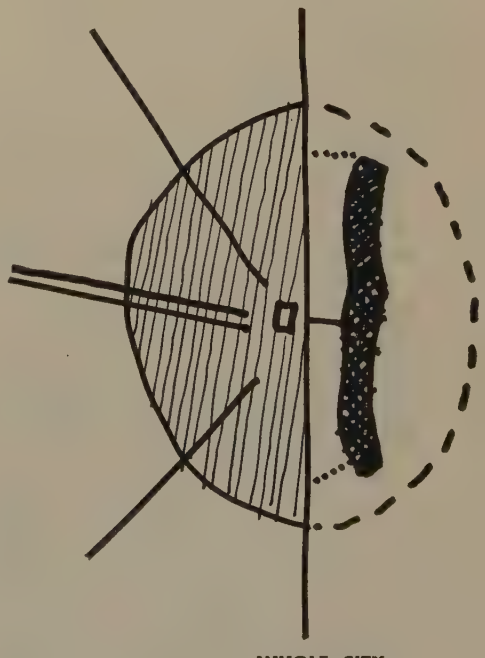
Today's version of Burnham's concept is much more ambitious, to meet the need of a city immensely larger and more congested than his Chicago, a city whose current crisis is partly caused by the exhaustion of a basic resource: ground space.

▪ *The proposal is to create two vast islands, in their final form approximately 14 miles long and one-half to 1½ miles wide, lying two miles offshore and separated from the mainland by a sheltered sound, to be spanned by a suspension bridge and reached also by subway tubes.* They would extend, when completed, from about Montrose avenue on the North, to 55th street on the South Side. Ultimately they could accommodate living space for half a million people — the equivalent of a city the size of Cincinnati.

Why make Chicago larger? Most cities are too large anyway and could do with thinning out. But we are already in the process of thinning out and in most cases we are taking out the wrong things, jobs and people. The superhighway and slum clearance programs, necessary as they may be, are displacing large elements of population and industry. To hold our own tax-wise,



HALF CITY
The Loop off center



WHOLE CITY
The Loop on center

ARCHING ITS TRAFFIC STREAMS 200 feet above the sound, a monumental suspension bridge will connect with the mainland at the projected Ohio-Ontario expressway link. With 25c tolls the span will soon pay for itself.

not considering the expanded services so needed, requires additional territory. The kind of territory we are discussing would be the most valuable real estate in the city and would loosen up the land market for significant shifts in use, making possible the redevelopment of substandard housing areas for industry and so on.

▪ Can it be done?

The proposal is an eminently practical one on engineering, social and economic grounds.

To make land depends wholly on the important fact that, for two miles offshore, Lake Michigan has an average depth of only 35 feet. Engineers agree that, to produce fill in the quantity needed to create from ten to 25 square miles of land, equipment can be built which would reduce the cost of pumping to a lower rate per yard of fill than any now achieved.

How do we produce space for building at present? By flight to the outskirts, which drains off more and more of our tax-paying residents and industries from the city, and by the necessary but costly and prolonged processes of condemnation, wrecking, clearance and rebuilding. New land offshore can be produced at figures that will compare favorably with the costs of acquiring exisiting land. And the islands in the lake will be unencumbered with the debris of deteriorated districts. They will be a clean slate on which to write a new urban story.

The new city across the water would fill what is now a void: Lake Michigan is perhaps our city's most precious asset, but it is also, in its unrelieved emptiness, a bit of a bore. The bathtub regularity of the lake would be broken to the delight of yachtsman and landlubber alike; and, for the first time, the residents of Chicago could take a westward perspective on their city, and see its panorama from a proper vantage point.

That stretch of the lake which would become the sound would be wide enough for all navigation, from that of pleasure yachts to the ocean-going vessels of this world seaport. It would also be wide enough to preserve the essential quality of the lake front, and to enhance it.

The enclosed water provides a vast new recreation area. Its coves and peninsulas would create richly varied sea- and land-scapes. The city shoreline would be three times the length of the present lake front; it would be embellished with beaches and marinas, two-thirds of them in protected water.

The lake islands will be planned for parks, squares, lagoons and forests, shopping centers, hotels, tourist and holiday attractions, as well as for their primary purpose, residential districts. They would replace a vast dwelling area lost to blight, ease population pressure on the mainland, and lighten the load on existing transport systems. Decent surroundings excitingly islanded off the center of the city would call back many commuters. The tax base would be substantially improved, and State street would find itself with a large new market at its doorstep.

▪ From the dredging out of the Panama Canal to the spectacular improvisations of the SeaBees in the Pacific War, America has shown that a characteristic feature of its energy and genius is earth-moving. Chicago itself, in a primitive era of engineering, made a river turn around; what it is challenged to do now, for the comfort, profit and delight of its citizens, is to reverse the fate of Atlantis, and raise its buried half from the bottom of the glacial lake.

A dateline of 15 years from now, for the completed islands, does not disturb us. The prospect of making a beginning in the near future, by raising small nuclear islands from the water and landscaping them as interim recreational areas until enough land is available to permit a self sufficient community, transport, etc. does not seem an unreasonable goal.

▪ What will it be like to live on the islands?

Naturally there won't be much waste space. And freestanding villas on one acre will be non-existent. But there will be plenty of ground space for every family and it will be designed for use.

There will be three basic housing types: elevator apartments, party wall town houses, and one story houses with interior courtyards or gardens. The apartment dwellers have a balcony (clean air two miles out) and local parks, the town house and patio house dwellers their own sequestered patch of ground. At the end of nearly every street is the water, close at hand and fresh; neither roar nor stench of traffic intervenes. Lagoons separate neighborhoods of 1,000 to 8,000 persons. The shores are local parks.

Each of these communities has its own convenience shopping and lies to the right or left of the main stem or trunk which carries transit and highway. And the distance to the stem transit is the pedestrian half-mile, at the maximum. Automobiles, while fully provided for, are not a daily necessity.

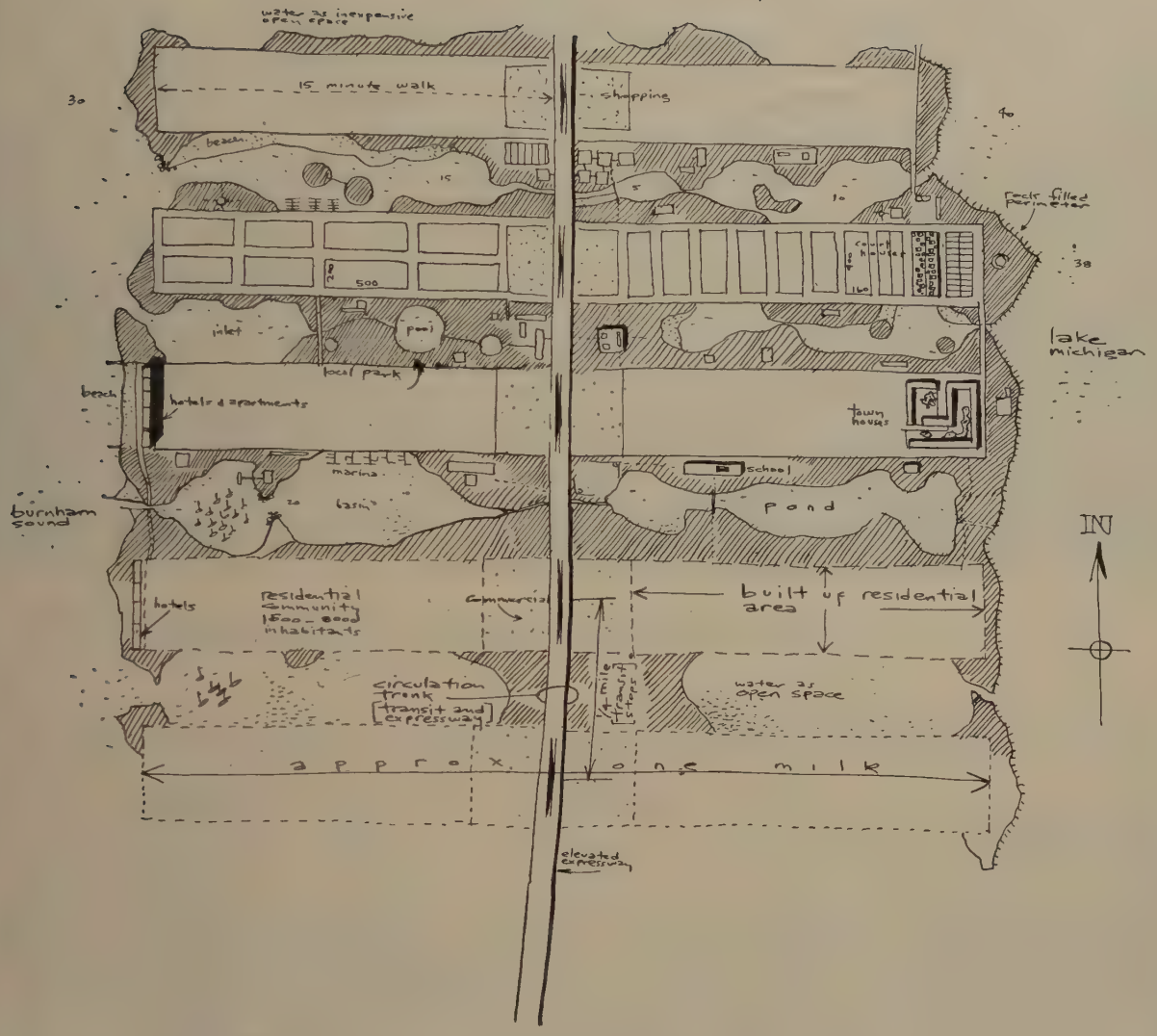
Life in these communities will be protected. Each is a backwater devoid of irrelevant traffic and richly provided with space for community recreation. All this is 15 to 20 minutes from the Loop. It should be a good life offshore.

TALL APARTMENT AND HOTEL buildings will line the western shoreline facing the Loop. Cabanas will punctuate sandy beaches adjoining the yacht inlets.

SINGLE-FAMILY DWELLINGS will generally assume the town house pattern because of land costs. These will be narrow-frontage houses with shared walls, private gardens and rear garages.

WELL-TO-DO RESIDENTS may choose individual houses built around courtyards on 80 by 50 foot lots.

CONTOURS OF PRESENT LAKE BOTTOM between 35 and 40 foot depths provide the outline for one version of the islands, covering 25 square miles. This view is south.



TRUNK ISLAND SCHEME, a later plan, has one broad expressway traveling the axis of the islands, with interchanges at each pair of communities arranged like vertebrae along a spine. Small lagoons divide neighborhoods and hold down population density.

BURNHAM PLEASURE ISLANDS were recommended in plan of 1909 even before our present overcrowding was foreseen.

PANORAMA OF THE NEW CITY on the lake shallows as seen from Jackson park. Causeways at Lawrence and at 49th lead to tubes rising on island expressway.

EARTH-MOVER'S ESTIMATE

Mr. Weese, who is an architect and engineer, submitted the proposal for Chicago's lake islands to Ole P. Erickson, of Erickson Engineering Co., Tampa, Florida, one of the largest earth-movers in the United States. His time and cost estimates for the project are given in the following letter:

"The problem under consideration is a very interesting one. Approximatelv 50,000,000 cubic yards per square mile is required. Considering some ten square miles of islands this would be 500,000,000 cubic yards.

"This quantity of yardage is sufficient to justify the manufacture of specially designed equipment, which would pay for itself on this one job. A dredging plant much larger than any at present built would greatly reduce the cost per cubic yard of pumping in the islands.

"We can design a dredging plant that will pump in the clay fill in 12 to 15 years. One large dredge would be most economical, unless the work must be finished in shorter time.

"Providing that the material is hard clay, reasonably free from boulders, we estimate the clay fill can be pumped in for between 20c and 25c per cubic yard. The sand fill where topping is required would probably cost 50c to 75c per cubic yard.

"I shall be glad to hear further from you as this is a most interesting project."

Using the earth-mover's estimate, Mr. Weese makes the following practical application:

Two cubic yards of fill would be needed for every square foot of island surface. Say our two yards come to 85c, add 30c for rock fill perimeter treatment (which is roughly $400 per foot of perimeter) and we have $1.15 for a square foot of raw land surface. Including $16,000 per acre for utilities and streets, the price of land comes to $1.65 per square foot, plus streets and parks.

In this day when prime apartment sites have gone for as high as $12, when FHA will recognize up to $5, and when redevelopment write down costs run $3-plus, island property for not much over $2 average per square foot is a good buy.

for friendly, informal living-

One suggestion for a lovely Cherry Valley dining room from the dozens of possibilities in this large collection.

Cherry Valley by Stickley

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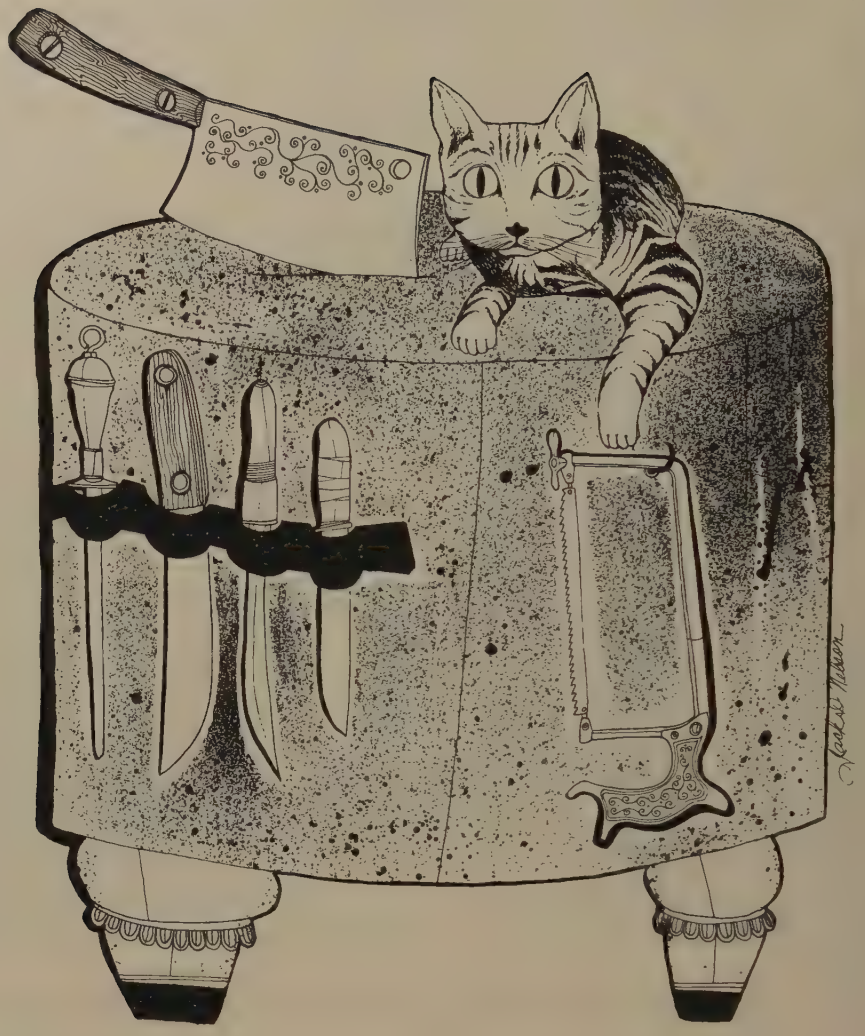
LA GRANGE PARK
IN THE VILLAGE MARKET

By Georgia C. Nicholas

Illustrated by Jack Nelson



The Well Furnished Lair

▪ Wally stepped out of the cab first and paid the driver. He was a man built for durability and had the well kept look of one who has been good to himself for years. His eyes said, "I've found what I was looking for."

He took the two suitcases as Roberta shoved them out to him: his all-leather Gladstone, her brand new job covered in plaid plastic. Wally crossed the sidewalk to set the bags down at the door next to the butcher shop. He returned to give Roberta his hand but she already stood, with her back to him, looking up at the tracks of the Lake street "L".

"There aren't many trains this early in the morning." Wally squeezed her fat arm with both his meaty hands and turned her around to face the buildings on their side of the street. But she turned her brown eyes on him, those big eyes, that, like a cow's, looked but did not perceive. They looked at him thru the stiff little black veil on her white feather hat, the veil that wore clusters of sequins in a democracy of colors.

Wally's eyes commanded hers to look at the building in front of them. "Look familiar?"

"Oh, yeah, gee, sure."

"Look like the picture I showed you, with the antique shop on one side and whirligig on the other?"

"Sure. And there's the butcher shop in between." Roberta hobbled forward on her green spike-heeled sandals, her feet and toes making the most of every opportunity to bulge at the openings.

"It's all brick, three stories high and it belongs to my pretty little bride."

"Oh, now Wally. You know Roberta isn't little." Her giggle burbled through her full-cut mouth.

But the giggle was wasted on Wally. He was concentrating on the window. Without looking at Roberta he said, "As soon as you get settled I've got to come back down here and fix this window. Bidge never was any good at that." His serious look moved over and a smile tooks its place. Again he held Roberta's arm in both his hands, rubbing his thumbs against her thin pink sleeve. "See those two small glass jars?"

"Uhm-hmmmmm." Roberta nodded and her beauty shop curls jiggled.

"They're rattlesnake meat. Ever eat any rattlesnake meat?"

"No. Did you?"

"Sure, I have; and lots of other —" Wally let the sentence die. He tugged at the gold chain fastened to his belt until it swung with the weight of his ring of keys.

At one turn of the key the door opened on silent hinges. Wally followed Roberta inside, flicked on a dim light and set the bags down in the small square vestibule. He selected a second key and locked a separate lock. "We double lock everything in Chicago."

"Oh, are we in Chicago? I thought we were in New York."

"That's where Wally's smart. You don't want the Essbrodens sending after you, do you?"

"Oh gee, no. And scrub all those stairs and sweep the porches all the time? I'd almost rather go back to

the home. They won't send for me, will they Wally? They won't, will they?"

"No, my little Cream Puff. You're mine now, all mine and nobody's ever going to take you away from me." Before picking up the bags again he gave her a quick hug. "I could eat you up."

"Oh, now, Wally."

"Roberta isn't ever going to be a slavey again in any country hotel or go back to any home for the feeble-minded."

"Goody, Wally. Oh goody."

▪ At the second floor landing large black letters on one door proclaimed that Freeling Brothers did light manufacturing there. Wally unlocked another door with a third key and it opened onto a carpeted stairway – in opulent contrast to the naked one they had just climbed. This door, too, Wally locked on the inside with a separate key.

The third floor required key number five. On the inside was a heavy bolt that Wally shot into place without a key. He leaned against this door surveying the interior of his castle.

"Oh, gee," Roberta burbled. "Oh, gee, Wally!"

Shelves across one wall held stacks and stacks of comic books. "All for you, my Apple Dumpling. All for you." Wally swept his arm in a generous arc. His other arm was across Roberta's plump back. His fingers dug for her ribs.

"Stop, Wally. You tickle."

"I was just finding out if you have any whale bone. Aren't you my little whale?"

"Oh, Wally!" The giggle grew up and became a laugh.

Wally removed Roberta's white rabbit stole and tossed it on the sofa.

He turned on the TV set. "I told you about TV and here it is. And here's a box of chocolate candy. You can sit all day in this easy chair and watch the shows."

"Oh, gee, Wally, look. It's just like the movies!"

"And come here." Wally led Roberta to a room with ruffles and chintz. "This is yours. Wally had it fixed up for you when he came back from that first hunting trip."

"When we got engaged?"

"That's right, Lamby Pie. Now, Daddy's room is on the other side of the bathroom. This is a record player and these are all your favorite records. Mrs. Essbroden told me which ones you liked best on the juke box. There won't be anybody around to bother you. Wally'll be down in the butcher shop all day. Now take off your little hat."

▪ He led Roberta to the kitchen. "This is the biggest room in the house and the most important."

"Oh gee, Wally. Oh, gee, gosh."

The kitchen looked like an appliance display room. It had everything. "This," Wally said, rubbing one hand fondly over the white surface of the first appliance, "is a washing machine. You won't have to go down to the whirligig or ever bother with a laundryman. This does everything but iron the clothes and sew the buttons on. It even dries them for you. Nice, hmmm?"

"But Roberta won't know how to work it."

"Wally'll show you. And this is the ironer."

"Oooh!" Roberta was looking elsewhere. "Such a big stove. It's bigger than Mrs. Essbroden's."

"Sure. Sometimes I do a roast for a customer. If their stove's too small."

"Roberta can't cook very good."

"That's all right, my little Veal Cutlet. You'll cook good. Wally'll see to that."

"What's this?"

"That's just an extra butcher's block I brought up here. My cat used to sleep on it."

"Where's the cat? Kitty! Kitty!"

"I ate the cat. Anyway most of her I did. I didn't –"

"Wally! You did not!"

"I'm telling you I didn't have any place to leave her when I went on that first hunting trip – when I met you – so I took this cleaver –" Wally lifted the cleaver high and Roberta let out a little screech "– and while she was asleep right here on the block I just cut her head off."

"You did not, Wally, I know you didn't."

Wally dropped the cleaver back on the butcher's block and hugged and kissed Roberta. He bit her cheek and drew an "Ouch, Wally, stop!"

"I could eat you up," he mumbled. "But look here." He crowded her consciousness with the beauty of the new type refrigerator and the bucket of ice cubes ready to use. He showed her the cupboard stocked with cases of fancy canned goods. He unlocked and opened one side of a large chest-type freezer.

"Oh gee! It's like a little room, isn't it?"

"Sure. Reach your hand in. Way far in."

"Oooooh! It's cold in there."

Wally unlocked and opened the other door of the freezer. "What'll you have? Asparagus tips? Whipped potatoes? Strawberries?"

"What's this?" Roberta started to pick up a paper box with a cellophane top revealing three dark objects in three sizes.

"I –" Wally took the box from her and talked to himself. "How'd that get uncovered?" He replaced the box of frozen waffles on top of it, looking keenly at Roberta and smiling a thin smile. His eyelids were trembling and nearly closed. "That was my box of hearts. The bigger one is from a forty-pound turkey I roasted for a customer. They didn't want the heart, but I did. Some day I'm going to have a feast of hearts."

Roberta shivered and swallowed.

Wally put his arm around her and locked the two doors of the long, low, narrow room. They went back to the front room where a lonely singer was crying away without an audience. "Wally's sorry. Roberta's cold. I shouldn't have left that freezer open that long. You sit down and Wally'll take off your shoesies and tell you about those other hearts in the little box. The middle sized one is from a monkey. There's a big pet shop on the South Side. I get what I call my beef monkeys there." He put her shoes beside the davenport.

"Does Roberta have to eat them?"

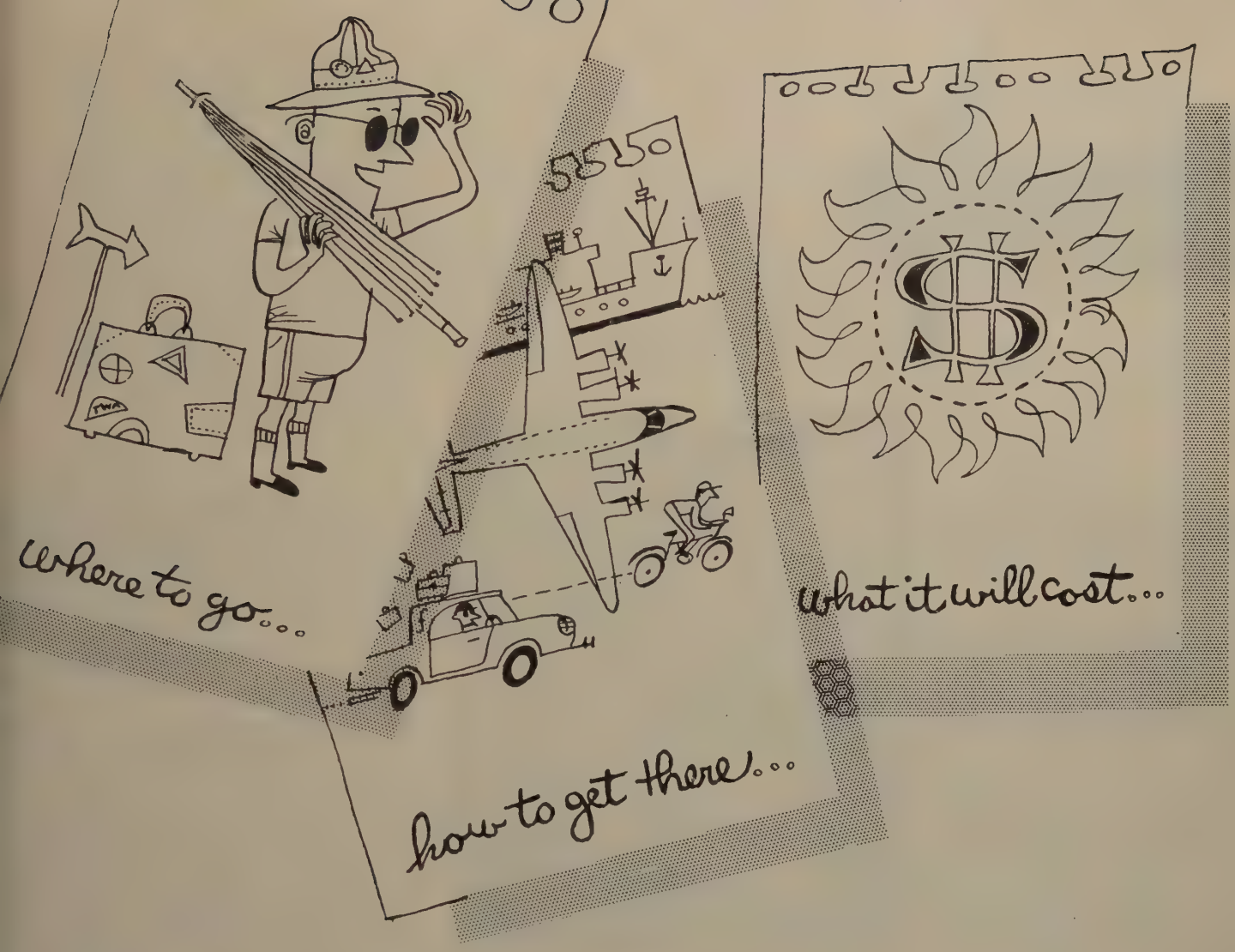
"No, my little Tenderloin." Wally patted her thigh. "In this house everybody eats just what he wants. Just what he wants. The littlest heart in the box is the heart of a cat – the one I told you about. Some day Wally's going to . . . but you're tired and sleepy now. When you've had your nap I'll show you something we missed. The garbage disposal unit."

"What's that?" Roberta lay on the davenport and Wally tucked a buffalo robe around her.

"What's a gabarge disposal unit? It's in the sink. It's the latest model and it even chews up bones and swallows them."

MIDWESTERN VACATIONS

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER



400 miles from Chicago in all directions

By Frank J. Cipriani

▪ Every summer there is a large influx of vacationers to this Midwestern capital and tourist mecca. As they arrive they pass some heavy traffic: the residents leaving town for their vacations.

Tourist guides to this metropolis are available in abundance. But what the resident Chicagoan needs is a guide to a weekend, or a summer, of rural peace and quiet. And on the return trip into town, you can spot the homing Chicagoan because *he* is the one with the most rapt expression at the first sight of the Loop beside the lake.

Within a 400 mile radius of the Loop there are many resorts and vacation spots that thrive by offering weary cityfolk plenty of clean fresh air, a variety of sports and activities, and vacation accommodations for all income levels.

In this area we have, in addition to the Great Lakes (Michigan and Superior) thousands of little lakes, fishing streams and rivers, also forest lands and, right close to Chicago in northwestern Illinois, land rises that resemble New England's gracious Berkshires.

Illinois and Indiana are noted for their state parks, and Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota for their thousands of lake resorts. One can find resorts from ordinary to sumptuous thruout.

For the casual summer one-day or week-end holiday, the Indiana Dunes state park, on routes Ind. 12 and 49 between Michigan City and Gary, along the shores of Lake Michigan, has been a popular favorite. You can go by car or the South Shore electric line. Or the Illinois Beach State park, near Waukegan, reachable by several highways, or the North Shore electric railway and the North Western road, is also a heavy favorite.

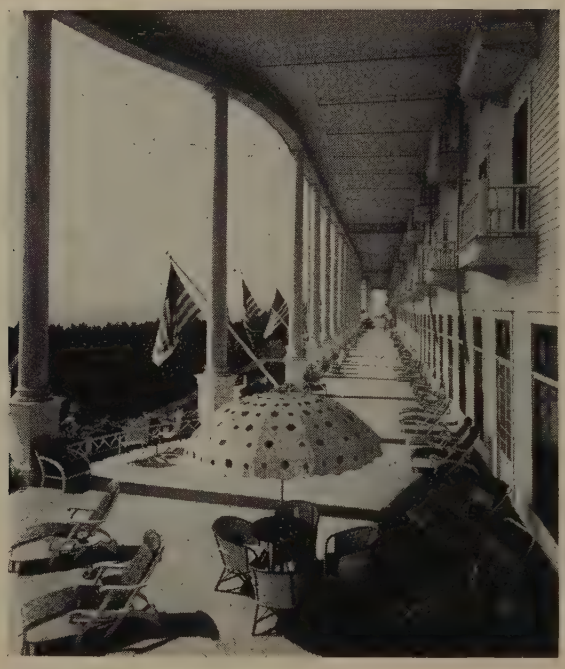
Just to the west of Chicago is one of my favorite Illinois parks, White Pines. It's about 103 miles away on U. S. Highway 64 (North avenue), and seven miles outside the old town of Oregon. Here will be found the southernmost stand of white pines in the country. The grounds are beautiful, the atmosphere is highly restful, the food excellent, and accommodations are in log-type cabins, roomy and soundproof. The entire park is rustic and clean. There's an outdoor movie nearby, and a number of restaurants that are good. White Pines for years has been a favorite of state officials and professional people in search of seclusion. It's not a place for active or nightlife vacationers. Rooms and meals are separate, but $8 a day would be ample for one person.

About 10 miles below White Pines is the intriguing town of Grand Detour, on the winding Rock River a few miles north of Dixon. These places are on bus routes, and Oregon is on the Burlington railroad line and Dixon on the North

o by Russell V. Hamm

IDWESTERN VACATIONS

Designed by
Winnie Fitch and Joe Phelan



Veranda of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island.

Below, the old grist mill in Spring Mill state park near Indianapolis. And at bottom, a "street" in Giant City, near Carbondale, Illinois.

Western, but you have to taxi from the railroad stops. Grand Detour (where the iron plow was invented) has New England architecture and atmosphere, and has a thriving art colony.

Most everybody knows about Starved Rock park, about 100 miles southwest, near Utica, Ottawa and La Salle. It has hotel, cabin and Tepee House accommodations second to none, fine food and facilities for activities. Figure on $9 for a good room and three meals a day, American plan. The only complaint that can be made against this park is that it's too crowded. Summer weekends are usually booked solidly.

In the southwestern Illinois mood, a profitable trip might be to Nauvoo, 252 miles from the Loop, in the Mississippi River area. Nauvoo was established in 1839 by Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the founders of Mormonism. The Nauvoo country is rich fruit orchard country. There are buildings and other reminders of old Mormon days there. It's not a place to stay, but to see en route.

Stay on the Mississippi route to Grafton, and you'll reach Pere Marquette state park, on Route 100, just above Alton. Here is a mighty fine lodge, or hotel, with tempting food and services, at $8 a day for room and three meals.

The pilgrimage to Springfield and New Salem village is a trip that many Americans want to make. It's only a 5-hour drive (200 miles) from the Loop to Springfield, the state capital. New Salem village, where Abraham Lincoln spent his youth, is about 20 miles northwest of Springfield. In Springfield are Lincoln's tomb and the only home he ever owned, just as it was when he was rearing a family and rising in law and politics, and which he left to assume the Presidency almost 100 years ago.

No American can visit the tomb without feeling a touch of the Lincoln spell. No one can visit New Salem with its reconstructed log buildings without grasping the pioneer era in which he lived. Just outside the village are fine motels and restaurants. Two to four buses a day run between Springfield and New Salem.

There are many state parks in Illinois, but the farthest south is Giant City park, south of Carbondale off Route 51, in the Illinois Ozarks. It's notable for its rock formations. Nearby are Crab Orchard and Little Grassy lakes, both fine fishing spots.

Up in northwestern Illinois, Galena, a former home of Ulysses S. Grant, has for years been a tourist attraction. It's 171 miles from the Loop. If you drive you pass thru what is possibly the most scenic area of the state: high, rolling country like gentle mountains, called locally the Berkshires of Illinois. Galena has a few hotels, including a very old one. Rates are reasonable as they are at area motels. A few good restaurants

are in and near the old lead-mining city.

Like Illinois, Indiana's tourist attractions are mostly in state parks. Indiana was first with the state park idea, and until late last year offered the "greatest vacation bargain" in the country. Prices were $5.25 to $5.85 a day, room and three meals. Now they are $7.25 to $7.85 a day. The parks are still a bargain, but no longer exclusively so, since some Illinois parks, Pere Marquette for example, will give a wider selection of entrees for a few cents more.

First in popularity among the Indiana parks could be Turkey Run, near Marshall, about 155 miles from the Loop. But three other interesting parks

At Macatawa, near Holland, is one of the many wide, breezy beaches of the Michigan shoreline.

are clustered south of Indianapolis: Brown County, 251 miles away from here, quaint Spring Mill, 265 miles away, and McCormick's Creek, 213 miles. Each is different. Brown County park is a rendezvous for artists. McCormick's Creek, with an outdoor pool, appeals to the younger element, and Spring Mill, a log cabin pioneer village with some original buildings, has appeal for all. Near Madison, in southeastern Indiana, is a very fine park, Clifty Falls, high on a bluff overlooking the Ohio River.

A nice vacation can be spent farther south, in Kentucky. Louisville, Frankfort (the capital) and Lexington have enough attractions and atmosphere for a week's stay. Right now Kentucky lake in the western part of the state is the high appeal vacation spot, with new resort accommodations at reasonable prices. And if you tour Kentucky late in August or September, you can buy the famous Kentucky smoked hams as a tasty memento of your vacation.

Normally, of course, summer vacation travel tends toward the northlands. Within our radius of 400 miles, with a few exceptions, you have playgrounds that are among the country's best, in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Deservedly famous is Door county in Wisconsin, an air-cooled peninsula that is bounded on one side by Green bay and on the other side by Lake Michigan. Sturgeon bay is 238 miles from downtown Chicago. Many travelers liken Door county to coastal New England. Here are such quaintly named bay or lake towns as Ephraim, Egg Harbor, Fish Creek, Sister Bay and Bailey's Harbor, and there's also Washington Island.

The population is basically Scandinavian, altho the island is Icelandic.

Resort hotels, motels and restaurants are everywhere without crowding, and prices range from modest to expensive. Door county was patronized heavily not many years ago by Chicago's social set, and still is, but don't let that keep you away. Door county has facilities for everybody, and is, in my opinion, one of Wisconsin's finest areas.

Not far away are the Wisconsin Dells, once known as Kilbourne. This is Wisconsin's busiest playground, and at times can be said to suffer from overcrowding. The Dells are 200 miles north of Chicago. They also have modest to deluxe accommodations.

Boat rides on the scenic, bluff-lined Wisconsin river, with swallows flitting all about, are a standing attraction. So are the Indian ceremonial dances at Stand Rock, well worth seeing.

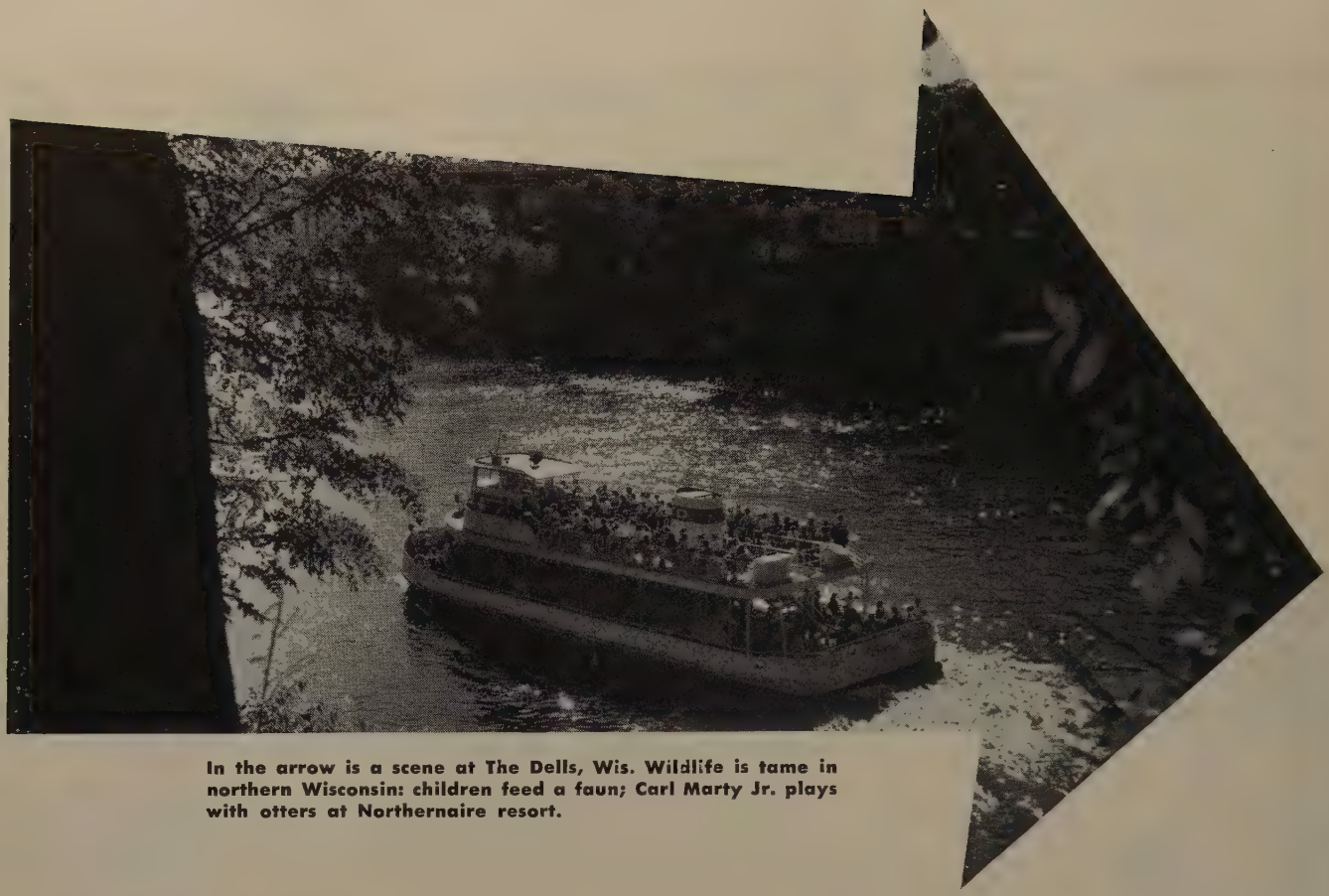
Just outside the city limits is Lake Delton, with many good resorts. There is an outstanding one with outdoor pool, where an inside pool also is being built. About 13 miles south at Baraboo is an old Wisconsin state park, Devil's Lake, one of the few state parks in Wisconsin that is complete with hotel and restaurants. State-supported parks would never do in Wisconsin, which is a resort state with resorts privately operated. Devil's Lake is a pretty park with many attractions, and all facilities are reasonably priced. About 21 miles northwest of the Dells is Mauston, a resort city. Some day efforts will be made to include the Baraboo and Mauston areas in a greater Dells area.

Wisconsin is literally covered with lakes and good resorts — good resorts at every price level. The city of Madison, home of the University of Wisconsin, has considerable color, and a luxury air-cooled hotel on the lake front. One could go west from Madison and reach Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi river, some 254 miles from Chicago. It's the second oldest city in Wisconsin, was once a fur market, and is now famed for its Villa Louis mansion, dating from 1843.

Right across Old Man River, on the Iowa side, is perhaps Iowa's most substantial tourist attraction — McGregor, high on the river bluffs. And nearby are the Indian effigy mounds, a national park. McGregor is also noted for rare specimens of flora. The effigy mounds are burial mounds made in the shape of animals by early redmen. McGregor was a thriving town when sternwheelers churned the Mississippi.

Wisconsin is a lake state — nearly 9,000 of them, all sizes, and hundreds of them for fishing. In the northern lakes regions, where the pine and white birch cover the ground, you'll find true wilderness, altho now resort towns sprinkle these once-isolated areas.

Northern Wisconsin is so-called heman country, where fishing is, as it has



In the arrow is a scene at The Dells, Wis. Wildlife is tame in northern Wisconsin: children feed a faun; Carl Marty Jr. plays with otters at Northernaire resort.

been for years, the king of sports, and musky is king of Wisconsin fish. Many resort towns claim to be the musky center, but Hayward claims, with reason, to be the musky capital. At Hayward, Nelson Ross, owner of Ross' Teal Lake resort, has done right well with "Father and Son" fishing days.

Take any main highway north, particularly 45 and 51, or the North Western and Burlington railways, bus, or North Central airline, and you'll get into the heart of this land.

If you go on 45 it will take you to Antigo and the real North Country. Or you can switch off to Shawano, not as good as it once was. You can go thru lonely woodlands, and can reach hundreds of resorts, say around Pelican Lake or Phelps, Crandon, Three Lakes, Clearwater Lake, and Eagle River, the last a definite resort country capital.

Near Three Lakes, you'll find Wisconsin's plushest resort, the Northernaire, about 350 miles north of Chicago. It's owned by Carl Marty Jr., whose personal hobby is befriending wild animals. His otters, deer, raccoons and even bears have become known thruout the country. His thesis is that wild animals are not antagonistic to one another or to man, if food is available and kindness is shown.

The Northernaire is luxury, and rates are about $20 a day for superior rooms, food and services, American plan. It's open all year.

A little north of Eagle River, at Land O' Lakes, is another really special place, the King's Gateway hotel, also open all year. This is on the European plan, but prices average about the same.

Highway 51 will take you thru or near such name places as Wausau, in a scenic region as pretty as any; Merrill, Tomahawk, Rhinelander (like Eagle River a definite resort capital), Minocqua, Woodruff, Lac du Flambeau, Manitowish, Sayner, Mercer and Boulder Junction. Near Boulder Junction is Herb Field's Big Boulder lodge, also a plush place — cost about $25 a day, American plan.

But if these prices frighten you, there are hundreds of good places all over Wisconsin for $9 to $12 a day, room and meals included. And you don't have to fish. Many lakes have beaches but all summer sports and activities are available, from sailing to golf.

Now we get to Michigan, across Lake Michigan. Like Wisconsin, it has hundreds of resort areas and thousands of resorts, with prices covering the widest range. Michigan, and particularly west Michigan, is cooled in summer by prevailing southwesterly winds.

Go about 100 miles around the foot of the lake and you'll find St. Joseph, where the Whitcomb hotel stands as the nearest all-year resort hotel. Its Sunday smorgasbord dinners are something to rave about.

Nearby are many fine resorts, one of the best being Pottawattomie at Coloma, where you can figure on approxi-

mately $13 a day, American plan. South Haven is a fine playground, and up a bit is Saugatuck, a rendezvous for artists and younger folk. Up north a little bit farther is Macatawa, on an inlet or arm of Lake Michigan, with the Macatawa hotel noted for its food and services. In the area is Holland, of Maytime tulip festival fame. Also near Benton Harbor is Joe Bachunas' Tabor Farm at Sodus, noted for its food and hospitality.

Farther north the traveler will find Grand Haven, with one of the finest beaches in the world and all sorts of nice resorts. Then comes Muskegon, and just a little beyond Muskegon, one gets to White Lake and Silver Lake, both resorts, then Pentwater, and Ludington and Frankfort. The last two are auto ferry stops, as is Muskegon which is served by the imposing Milwaukee Clipper. Just south of Frankfort is Onekema, with its topcrust, but not expensive, Portage Point Inn.

The farther north one travels in Michigan, the prettier it is. One example is the Traverse City and Grand Traverse bay area. No one should miss the drive around picturesque Leelanau peninsula, which is all resort, all cool, all scenic and has several lakes as blue as any you might see in Italy.

All that has been described earlier is on Highway 31, and also on 31 are renowned Charlevoix, Bay Shore, Harbor Springs and other fancy resorts.

Keep on going and you'll get to the Straits of Mackinac, well over 400 miles from Chicago. No one should reach the straits without visiting Mackinac Island, a picture card resort if there ever was one. No cars except fire and ambulance vehicles. Horses are still the means of transportation here. The island is dominated by the Grand Hotel, with an 800 foot long front porch that a car could be driven on. This is superexcellence, but not cheap.

Once at the straits, you might drive into the upper peninsula, much of it wild, much of it forested. It has a number of top resorts, one of the best being Phil De Graff's at Trout Lake, not far west of St. Ignace.

No roundup of vacation possibilities in this region would be complete without mention of the regular weekly cruises of the *S.S. North American* of the Georgian Bay Lines in Chicago. This seven day trip on three of the Great Lakes goes all the way to Buffalo, N. Y., not far from Niagara Falls. Except for the weather, it's the nearest thing to a Caribbean cruise, and in summer when the *North American* cruises, you want Great Lakes and not Caribbean temperatures.

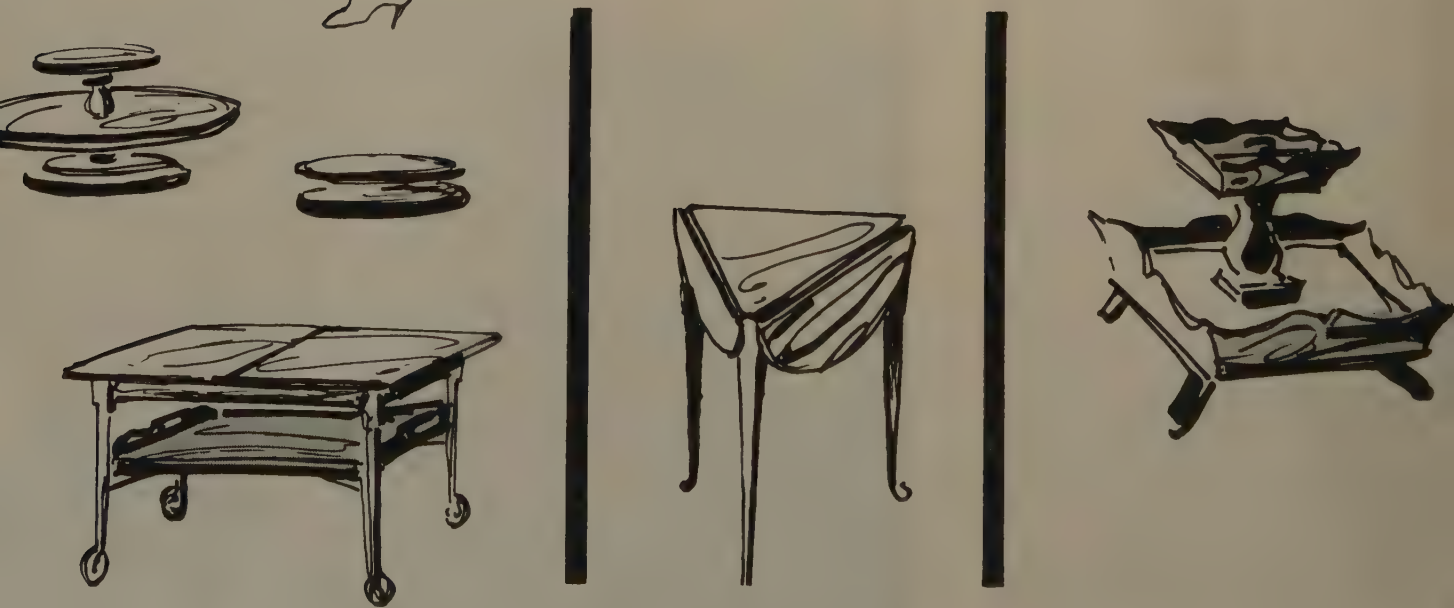
Fisherman's paradise in western Michigan is fresh and scenic like this lake near Baldwin.

Shoppers' Showcase

from the sketchbook of
Dorothy Mylrea

▪ The patio has now become a very important part of urban summer living. Great pride is taken in these lovely garden spots and wonderful things are on display to enhance them.

The cosmopolitan touch is very much in evidence at the Petit Gourmet in Italian Court, a public patio on Michigan avenue. Here is nostalgic charm that brings back to you other vacations in New Orleans, Paris, Italy. Fine shops facing the court add to the delight of your luncheon date.



But to get back to the private patio life . . . Bordelon Designs shows some ideal items for keeping you happily outdoors. Those marvelous Japanese lanterns! Get them in all shapes and sizes, hang them high and low. Mrs. Bordelon suggests colored bulbs in them for the gala look; prices range from $1.95 to $5.50.

An immense coffee pot with stand took my fancy for the festive board, $12.95; as did the bean pots. The individual one was especially tempting, $2.50; the large one is $5.95.

The stainless steel barbecue set with burn-proof bone-like handles, leather-thonged to hang handsomely, is an excellent gift item, too. $5 boxed.

Another gift idea (if you can bear to part with it) is the smorgasbord apron, from a wonderful collection, $3.95.

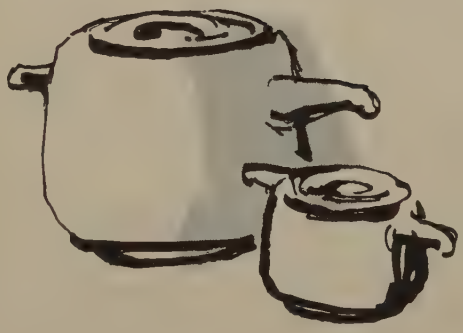
At Colby's, there are lovely things for gracious living. The extension terrace server has a removable lower tray, $154.

The collection of lazy susans is remarkable; there are single and double tiered servers of beautifully grained wood.

Couldn't resist sketching this little cherry drop-leaf table. Charming corner adornment, it is a hard-to-find treasure. $49.

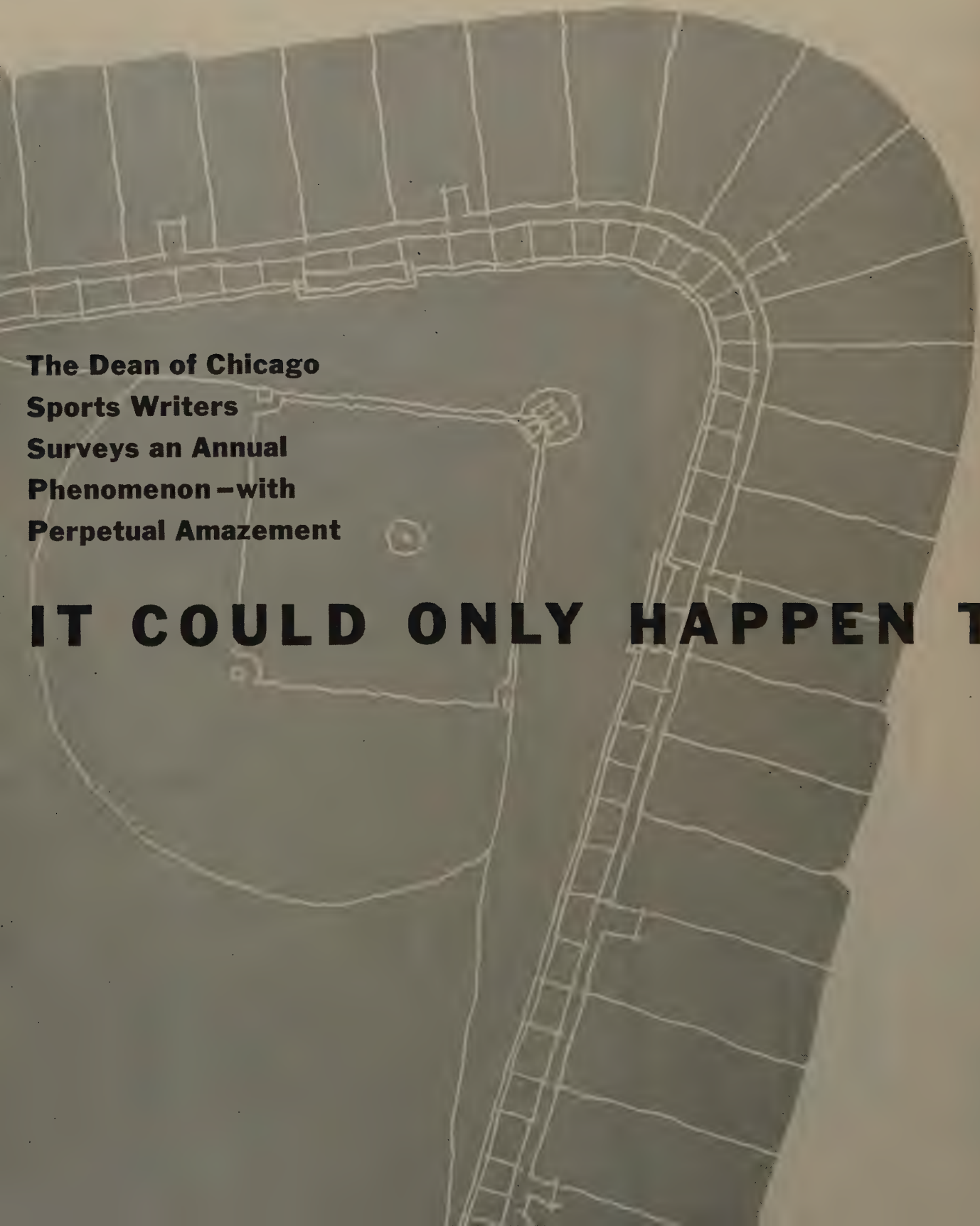
Another beautiful piece is this louvred antique pine screen, $145.

And to bring the garden indoors, put your favorite potted plants in this fine little tote table, and fill its top with luscious summer fruits! $45.



By Warren Brown

Illustrated by Larry Klein



The Dean of Chicago Sports Writers Surveys an Annual Phenomenon—with Perpetual Amazement

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO

▪ Among all the teams plying their trade in the major baseball leagues, the Chicago White Sox are now and always have been an organization whose like has never been observed elsewhere. The things that happen to them (and keep right on happening) never confront any of the other units in either league, and you can include those which have flitted in and out in the past.

In 1952, I had published a book about this unique organization. The entire volume was a documentation of the above theme. In the two seasons and brief part of a third that have elapsed since then, I might have jotted down enough other strange White Sox experiences to fill another book.

▪ The 1954 thing that might happen to the White Sox could be the first American league championship since 1919, or even (glory be!) the city's first world championship since 1917.

I think this is the year in which this might happen; but it is also the year in which I don't think it will.

This year the White Sox have the pitching for it. In their first six or seven weeks of play, however, they hadn't shown many encouraging signs of being able to get runs in the snow-them-under quantity such fine pitching deserved. And, alas, neither had they shown signs of workmanlike competence in the execution of a double play pivoting around second base. Many a deserving White Sox pitcher has seen (and will see) his fine craftsmanship go down the drain because one man or both survived in what should have been a twofold execution.

In taking this hopeful but gloomy stand toward the Comiskeys, their works and their working stiffs, I am buoyed up by an appreciation of the arbitrary fact that things happen to the White Sox that couldn't possibly happen to anyone else — and outfinishing Casey Stengel just might be one of those things.

This pet premise of mine runs like a theme thruout the high and low points of White Sox history.

▪ For 35 years, for instance, it has been no novelty to see the White Sox shabbily buffeted about on the playing fields of their American league associates; yet if there were no Chicago White Sox, there wouldn't be any American league.

In 1900, Charles A. Comiskey joined up with Byron Bancroft Johnson and other kindred souls to start a second league as a rival to the National, then accepted as THE major league.

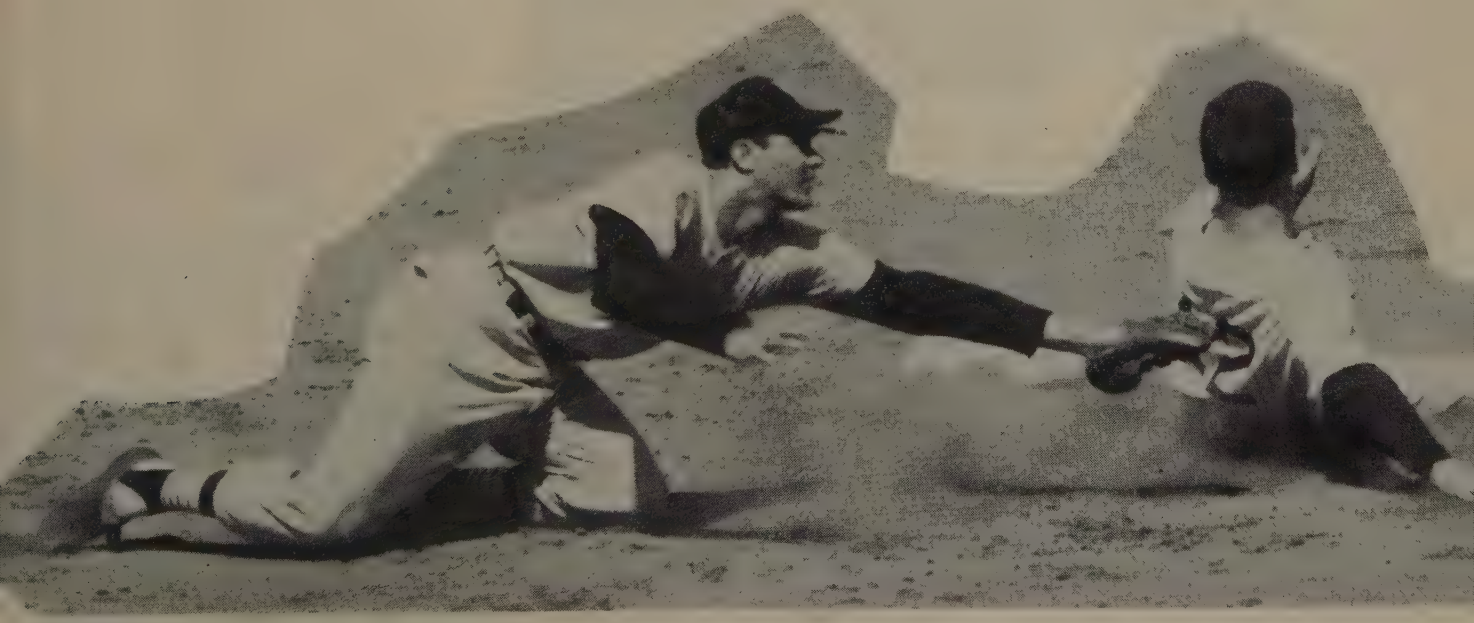
This new concern attained its full growth in 1901 on a platform of "clean baseball and more 25-cent seats." Twenty-five cents, of course, will now get you not much more than a scorecard in any major league ball park; and it was a White Sox team that was involved in the worst scandal in baseball annals when eight members of its 1919 roster were adjudged guilty of conspiring to throw the world's series of that year to the Cincinnati Reds. So much for platforms.

▪ The White Sox are the only team whose ownership has never been relinquished by the family which pioneered the franchise. After the death of Charles A. Comiskey, the founder, ownership passed to his son, J. Louis Comiskey. Upon his death, the operation of the club was taken over by his widow, Mrs. Grace Comiskey, and will pass ultimately to her children, Charles A. Comiskey II and Mrs. Dorothy Comiskey Rigney.

The White Sox are the only team in either major league whose owner and ranking head is a woman.

And any time you think Mrs. Grace Comiskey is NOT the ranking head of the White Sox, just start something and find out. A few years ago her son Chuck, suffering from a combination of growing pains and bad advice, chose to toss his weight around; he found out. Some time before that a bank, or set of bankers, thought that complications in J. Louis Comiskey's will meant that financial wizardry rather than Comiskey blood should administer the franchise; they found out. It's an experience that has befallen Frantic Frank Lane, the present general manager; Leslie M. O'Connor, his predecessor; and everyone else who transgressed against the dynasty's house rule — with little regard to right or wrong, and no exceptions.

THE WHITE SOX



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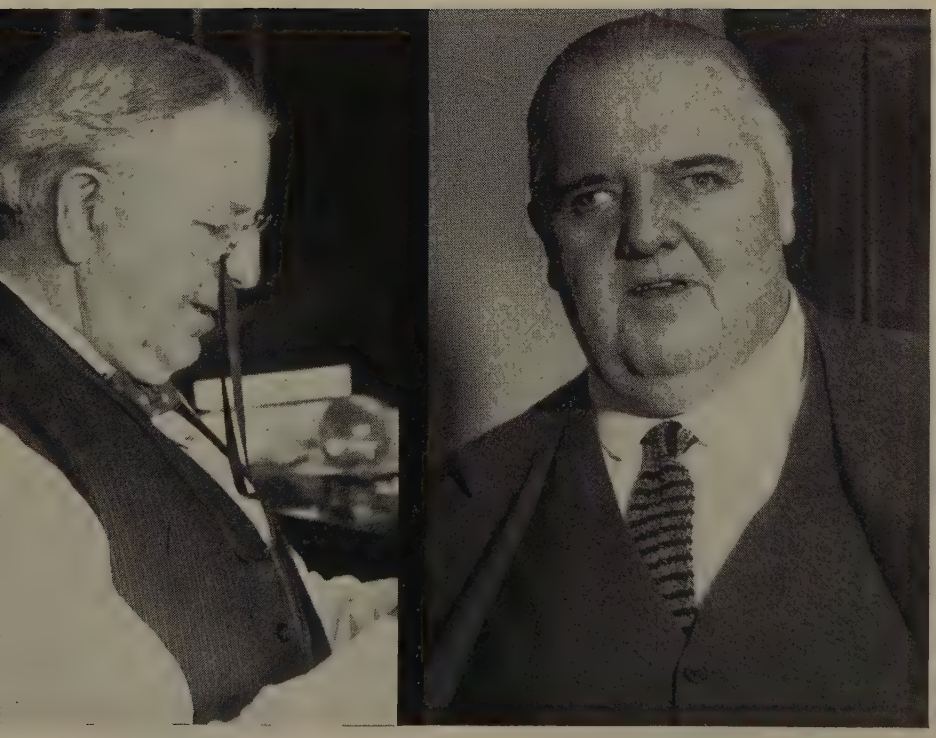


Above: Father and son ran the White Sox for 39 years. Charles A. Comiskey (left), "the Old Roman," was head man from 1900 until his death in 1931, and was succeeded by son, J. Louis Comiskey, who died in 1939.

Opposite page: Organization's top directors today include mother and daughter: Mrs. Grace Comiskey, widow of J. Louis and club president, and Mrs. Dorothy Comiskey Rigney, secretary-treasurer, shown with their lawyers.

▪ The White Sox is one of the very few major league teams whose income stems entirely from baseball. That's all the company has to sell. Under the Lane-Paul Richards regime, this merchandise is being peddled with great financial success; but thru good years or bad, it's all they've had to sell since the day in 1900 when Charles A. set up shop at 39th and Princeton avenue on a site previously devoted to the genteel activities of the Chicago Cricket clubs.

The move to 35th and Shields avenue was made in 1910, when a "million dollar structure" was opened to seat 30,000. It was modestly termed the Baseball Palace of the World.

It has changed gradually in size and shape to the Comiskey park you see today. In 1926, it was remodeled and doubled-decked in steel and concrete, at a million dollar outlay. Lights came in for night baseball in 1939, and a revitalization of the lighting system took place recently, involving $100,000 on the outgoing ledger. A cigarette company gets an assist on the box score for the giant electric scoreboard that appeared three years ago in centerfield.

In its present form Comiskey park is the only symmetrical plant in either major league. From home plate to the stands along either foul line, the distance is 352 feet. This makes the park's right field barrier the most remote of any in the American league, and the left field home-run travel is exceeded only by the 405-foot left field foul line at Griffith stadium, Washington.

Altho any small boy in the pre-war world would have told you it couldn't possibly happen, the present day White Sox hold all of the Comiskey Park attendance records. In the 1951 season, they played to 1,328,234 customers. On

INS PHOTO

June 8 of the same year, a crowd of 53,904 gathered to watch them engage the Yankees in a night game. Two years later, on July 19, 1953, the day game record of 54,215 was set, again for a contest with the Yankees. All these marks have been attained under the Lane-Richards reign, as a corollary to the team's increased stature as a championship contender.

This is the stage, and these are the portfolio-holding cast of characters who currently carry on the White Sox tradition of having things happen that seldom if ever happen to anyone else. It's a great tradition, with a great past.

The 1919 team was a case in point. Managed first by Clarence Rowland and later by William "Kid" Gleason, this assemblage won a world's championship from John McGraw's Giants in 1917, marked time during the war year of 1918, and then came to full flower in 1919 and most of 1920. Any old geezer such as I who saw that team and all the others will tell you, categorically, it was the greatest ball team that ever played together, and maintain this opinion firmly thru any discussion of the great Yankee teams, Connie Mack Athletics, and any other that demanded the use of all-out superlatives.

It is characteristic of the White Sox Karma that this most brilliant of all teams blew sky high and produced baseball's blackest tragedy.

It is pertinent to the White Sox saga to point out that the idea of a czar-like commissioner for baseball arose from the skullduggery of 1919, because one of the goofiest of all White Sox ruckuses involved the commissioner's office.

Leslie M. O'Connor was an aide to the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's first omnipotent commissioner, before he became general manager of the White Sox. When he signed a prep school pitcher, one George Zoeterman, to a White Sox contract, during Commissioner A. B. Chandler's tenure of office, Chandler interpreted this as a violation of baseball law, and levied a fine of $500 against the White Sox. O'Connor, a stubborn man, refused to pay it. Chandler, equally determined, forthwith banished the Sox from baseball; and for the period from October 24 to November 4, 1947, Chicago was at least theoretically unrepresented in the American league.

The Chandler decree read: "The Commissioner suspends as of October 24, 1947, the benefits of all Major League Rules to the Chicago American League club until his directive of September 28 [Pay that $500 fine, or else!] is complied with, and deprives the Chicago American League club and its general manager, Leslie M. O'Connor, from representation at any and all meetings under the Major League agreement until further notice."

O'Connor never did pay the fine. However, the youthful Chuck Comiskey, then pursuing his more formal

Frank Lane (left), general manager, and Charles Comiskey II (right), vice president, present optomistic smiles to world at signing of Paul Richards as team manager.

phase of education in Minnesota, stepped in and paid it, and the White Sox were back in business.

In the last two or three years, Frank Lane's affinity for exploitation and Paul Richards' skilled handling of field affairs have made the White Sox very much of a going concern.

Chuck Comiskey, after his bolt from the party, returned not perceptibly sadder but certainly wiser. In his own way, from time to time, he makes a contribution to the White Sox story. It is no small accomplishment for him to rate space on the sport pages, the TV screen or the air-waves, so constant is the din provided by the irrepressible Lane.

▪ The latter's penchant for making trades has made him, beyond a doubt, the most talked-of figure in baseball today. He has turned more deals, it seems, than all the general managers who preceded him. Moreover, only an infinitesmal part of the talking is done by Lane himself. This will give you some idea of the magnitude contributed by other sources, particularly if you have ever spent any time in his company (and darned interesting company that is).

He is unquestionably the most exacting of all the baseball personages I have ever known in almost half a century of keeping up with them. It is my firm belief that Frantic Frank can be satisfied with nothing short of the following:

He wants every ball thrown by his pitchers to be in the strike zone, and either missed or hit in manageable fashion to one of his other players.

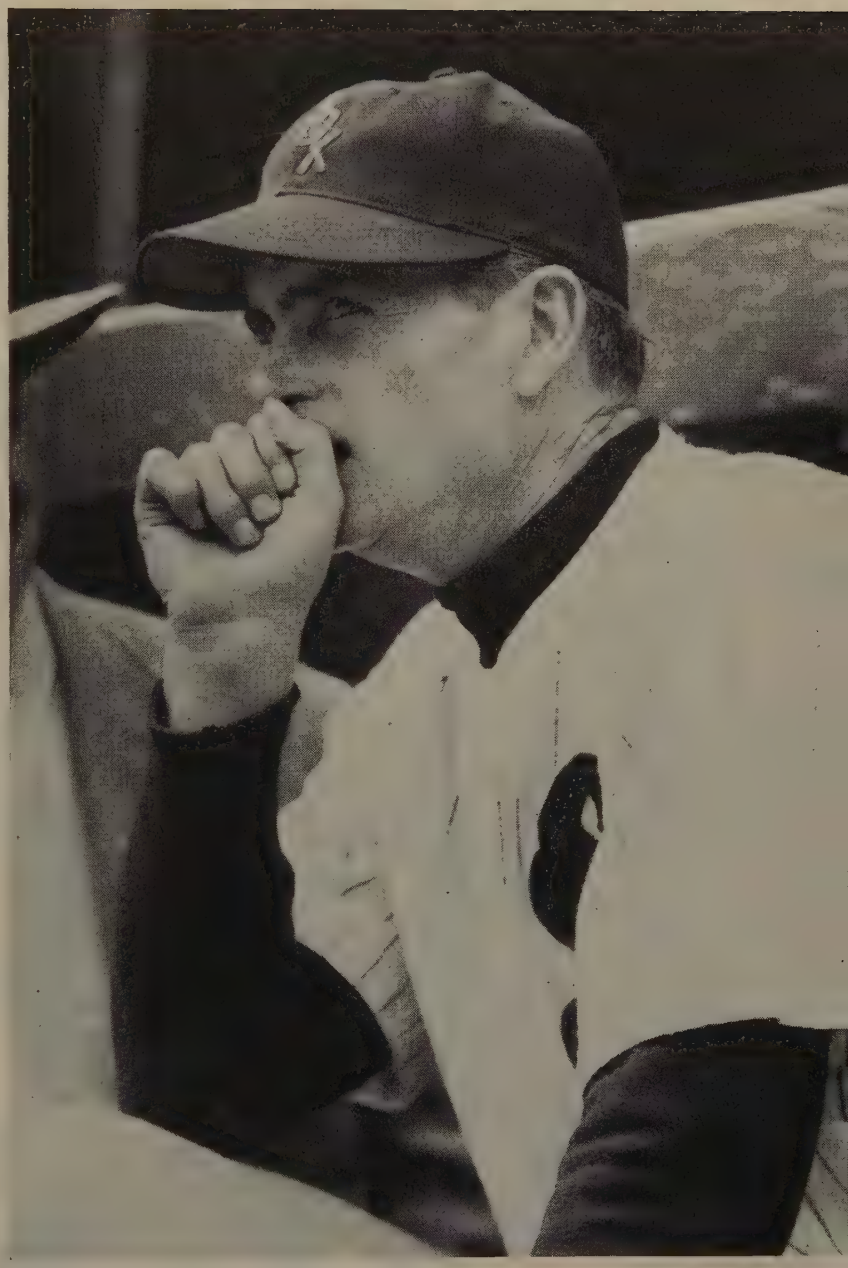
He wants every one of his hitters, every time, to hit the first possible pitch into safe territory. If it's hit for a single, he frets because it wasn't a double; if it's a double, he feels that it should have been a triple; and if it is a triple, like as not he's going to wonder if anyone of his "banjo" hitters is EVER going to get a home run.

He wants every man afield to stop and throw accurately every ball the opposition might hit; and if it's hit up into the air anywhere within the confines of the ball park, he wants it caught.

▪ Beyond that, as far as I have ever been able to determine from close and enjoyable association, Frantic Frank Lane wants only one thing.

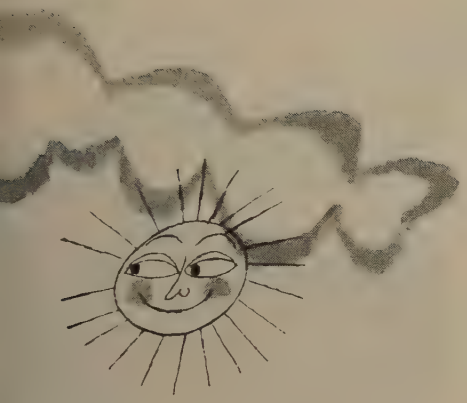
He wants a world's championship flag to float over Comiskey park.

If apoplexy doesn't get him first, I think he'll get it. And for the peace and quiet of Richards; of the Comiskeys — ma, son, daughter, all the in-laws and the grandchildren, and all the faithful following of this unique among all major league organizations: the sooner he gets it, the better.



Richards in work clothes sneaks a sly tactical signal to player on the field.

ALLISON
in
wonderland



By Studs Terkel

Illustrated by Janet LaSalle

▪ A truism: Fran Allison is very well liked. By everybody.

Reason: She is her natural self. In the most mercilessly revealing medium of all, television.

No syllogism need apply. If you are your natural self on TV, it does not follow that you will be universally popular. Any number of United States Senators can attest to that. So can Sherman Billingsley.

Why is it, then, that Fran Allison has dug into us so deeply? Without half trying.

I've a hunch the key might be found in that last phrase.

The tragic Willy Loman worked at being well liked. As a result few liked him at all, let alone liking him very well.

Unfortunately, at least for some viewers, too many TV performers work at it. They peddle personal charm like a two-bit commodity. Some are more graceful than others, perhaps; but they sell it nonetheless. Fran is one of the very few who offers it free.

There's the TV star whose studied casualness has become his trademark. He's so relaxed. But is he relaxing? I remember a comment by Pert Kelton, a perceptive woman as well as an excellent actress: "After watching him for half an hour, my jaws were tense for the rest of the night." He was selling too hard. Perhaps not from the sponsor's vantage point: "I like that boy. He sells easy."

Fran's is not a commercial casualness, a peddler's naturalness. (I recall some of the few times she did the commercials on KFO in the dear, dead days beyond recall when it ran Mondays thru Fridays. She was not too good at it. For this I loved her all the more.)

Here's a lady who accepts people and things as they are, or as they say they are. I doubt whether she ever argues the point. It's not that important to her. What is important is that she knows who *she* is. It hardly occurs to her that the others may not know who *they* are. In a world of Willy Lomans, she is forever Fran Allison.

And so she's at home, anywhere, in any milieu.

She's at home with the sophisticate, Tillstrom; she's at home with the professional big brother, McNeil. On the Breakfast Club, she has never really left home. Her Aunt Fanny is a composite of Iowans she has known. Hers is a genuine tang of the midwest, of Waterloo, La Porte and adjacent points. Nothing synthetic about her talk-talk. Of course not. Fran has accepted her heritage rather than denied it. A rarity, indeed, in these days of disavowal of self.

▪ Most certainly, she's at home with Ollie and Kukla and Beulah Witch and the others of that gracious company. They are not of cloth and needle and thread. They are of flesh and blood and soul. They say they are. It never occurs to Fran to question these good people. She accepts them. It naturally follows that we accept them. This we do gladly. This heart-warming phenomenon in no way diminishes the genius that is Burr Tillstrom's. His wondrous talent, fortunately still allowed free play, is the lone unclipped coupon of the moderate largesse that in happier days was known as TV, Chicago Style. The others of our current originations are, with the exception of a couple of children's shows, distinguished by a poverty of imagination. Dullness has become enshrined. Lest I be considered a crepe hanger, I haven't the slightest doubt that Chicago will one day flower again — in some new art medium, perhaps, or in a new phase of television. Our city, as it has been noted, is in the nature of a seed-bed.

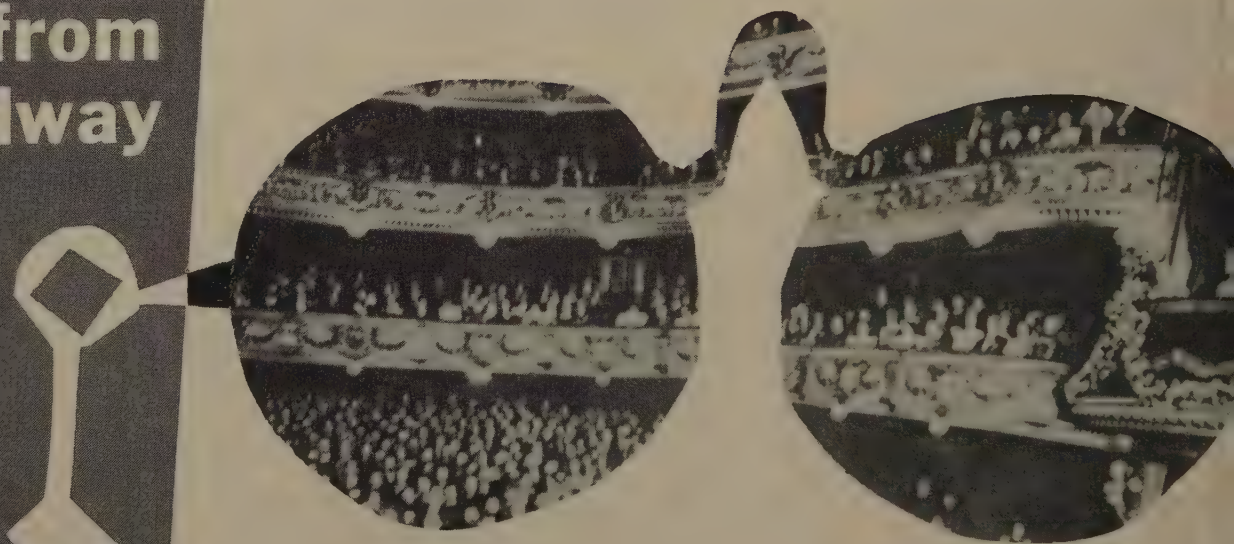
▪ Fran Allison is not a new phenomenon in our literature, living or past. Lewis Carroll, the mathematician, wrote all about her in 1867. He called her Alice. In a world of three-inch hookah-smoking caterpillars, pontificating at length, Tweedledums and Tweedledees, and lobsters performing quadrilles, Alice never once forgot who *she* was. Tho at times she appeared to worry about what they were doing to her stature, she never forgot her real size. She accepted these creatures for what they were, or for what they said they were. On occasion, she may have argued a point or two. But not too vehemently. It wasn't that important to her. What was important was that she knew who *she* was. And so she was at home, no matter how singularly strange and exotic the surroundings. Thanks to the naturalness of Alice and to her uncommon good sense, our values were never lost thruout her adventures. Our sanity, too, was retained.

So it is with Fran.

In the wonderland of TV, a world that is fast becoming "curiouser and curiouser," with Liberace a resounding success and the Fine Arts Quartet "at liberty," with "My Little Margie" feted thruout the land and excellent actors working in Macy's basement, we need Fran Allison more than ever.

TV is no longer a child. Yet, it incessantly stands on its head in the charming manner of Father William. He, too, was long past infancy. And, so, when he balances an eel on the end of his nose as a sign of cleverness, an Alice is needed. A genuine, natural human being. To tell us that this nonsense is *not* all there is there ain't any more. As she looks into our living room, clear of eye, clear of mind, free from phoneyness, we know all is not lost in wonderland.

OPERA has things to learn from broadway



By Stenterello

Illustrated by Frankie Favuzza Woolf

▪ A city the size of Chicago — a city which plays the Midwestern role that Chicago has always been forced to play — ought to have opera among its cultural assets; but that's an awfully poor reason for doing anything about it. Cultural ambitions predicated on aimless civic pride have a way of coming up with the wrong answers as often as the right ones; and when you add in the conflicts of interest and value — the sins which civic pride is heir to — you narrow the percentages accordingly.

But we want more opera in Chicago. And we want more chamber music; which is a lot cheaper, by the way, if less spectacular. And we want a few of the other cultural goods which civilization has left to us; but they ought to be measured by some standard which is not quite so flimsy as civic pride. After all, there's nothing particularly grand about bad opera.

▪ Chicago's opera history is pretty impressive; but the old opera is dead. A mausoleum, built to house the glory, stands on Wacker drive. It's opened every once in a while for things which purport to be repetitions of that glory but sound more like memorials to it. All the evidence, both of the senses and the intellect, point to the necessity for an immediate burial, and the sooner

the better. But we ought to know just what it is we are digging under.

▪ Let's start first with the kind of thing which we had last season. Most of it was a glimpse into what has finally begun to be the dark ages of American opera. Thanks to Mr. Bing's New York efforts (as distinct from what he brought to Chicago) and thanks to the influx of European opera recordings and the radio and television opera broadcasts, it looks as tho opera may have stopped being a cultural charity to which the hungry contribute money for the privilege of being bored to death rather than starved to death. It has begun to be entertainment; and it's often worth the price of admission.

So recent a glance backward as the Lyric Theater's production of *Don Giovanni* was helpful and in some ways encouraging, if only for the comparisons which it affords. It served to remind us that singers with names are not enough, that an opera performance cannot be slapped together hurriedly. Good conducting and good stage direction are important, and even the scenery can seem important when it's as garish and motheaten as the scrap from Chicago's basements appeared to be. In all, it proved that opera cannot be sold by pleasant and eager people who palm tickets off on their friends like chances at a Christmas bazaar. Opera has to sell itself or it's lost.

▪ In order for this to happen, there will have to be some important changes in the prevailing attitude toward opera, to end the acceptance of it as some more mysterious form of entertainment, a taste for which must be acquired. Opera in America tends to separate from other types of dramatic entertainment. It has so often been considered as an exclusive form of art that it has been inflated into a social endeavor rather than an artistic one.

The recent discovery that *Cosi fan Tutti* is really a pretty funny show, a skillfully conceived musical comedy, does not seem to have found its way as far west as Chicago, to judge by the Met's offerings here. Nor could we expect the Met to experiment. The expense of bringing one good musical show to Chicago seems to shake even the most experienced Broadway producers. How could we expect the Met to bring us a whole supply of expensive shows without certain misgivings? So they depend on the surefire winners. At this rate, Chicago can expect to see the same five or six operas year in and year out in an endless succession of *Aidas, Traviatas* and *Rigolettos*. It could get dull, no doubt, but it will continue to pay off regularly.

▪ One of these days someone may discover the kind of thing which Mozart, Wagner and Verdi, among others, knew all along: that musical dramas are a public art and part of public experience, that there are no real distinctions between "grand" and "comic," "opera" and "operetta." Bing took an important step when he asked Broadway to teach American opera how to put on a show. He made possible the first real wedding of music and drama in a long time here in America. It may look for a while like a shotgun affair, but only because the shouts of a few buckshot-peppered divas can divert our attention from the real issues.

Opera doesn't have to go either to Hollywood or to the nightclub for an audience. It has an eager audience in those who want intelligent musical and dramatic entertainment and who prefer it in a language which they understand. They wait for each revival of *Showboat* and *Porgy and Bess*; and, just recently, they have discovered *Fledermaus* and *Cosi fan Tutti*.

What we need here in Chicago is the kind of repertory group that knows how to use good entertainment in combination with good taste. A resident group with sufficient versatility, with a small hall to fill regularly instead of the monstrous opera house, can switch readily from Gilbert and Sullivan to Jerome Kern to Mozart and Verdi without having to switch audiences. And there are a lot of young singers around to decorate the stage instead of the billboard.

If a little of the useless glory were removed from opera, it might stand better by itself. A little less passing of the hat might be possible; and the audience, in the meantime, could be paying for the entertainment it was really enjoying.

THE MIDNIGHT PROLETARIAT

Many good men go to prison, but very few come out.

By Paul Warren

Illustrated by Gertrude Abercrombie

A review of "Break Down the Walls" by John Bartlow Martin, published by Ballantine. $3.50; paperbound, 50c.

▪ "One quiet Sunday evening in the spring of 1952 Harold W. Tucker, the captain in charge of guards on the 2-10 shift at the state prison at Jackson, Michigan, answered the telephone at the Main Hall office in the rotunda just inside the prison gates and heard a man say, 'This is Ward talking in 15-block.' Tucker knew Earl Ward and he knew Earl Ward shouldn't be talking on the telephone; he should be locked in his cell, the cell that he never left except once a week to take a bath. Ward was a homicidal psychopath, considered one of the most dangerous convicts in the institution."

Thus starts John Bartlow Martin's remarkable book, *Break Down the Walls*, whose purpose it is to bring before an apathetic public the story of our prisons. Mr. Martin has never served time in prison. He has not had anything to do with the discipline of convicts nor the maintenance of the institutions that house them. But he is an imaginative writer, an excellent reporter who has spent much time behind walls talking with inmates, guards, wardens, sociologists, psychiatrists — anyone who would talk. He shows a familiarity with almost every authority on the subject of crime and prison. Because of this he has been able to allow the reader to identify with all these people that he has not been. And the reader asks with Mr. Martin in anger, "Isn't it about time to try some new method of dealing with wrongdoers?"

The first part describes, in the best Hitchcock suspense style, how a handful of mentally disturbed inmates at Jackson Prison overpowered four guards and held them as hostages to watch with horror as 186 psychotic, feeble-minded, severely psychoneurotic and psychopathic convicts ran wild for days, indulging in sexual orgies and brutally mistreating their fellows who were not able to defend themselves. Combining the skill of a novelist and the accuracy of a skilled investigator, Mr. Martin gives a dramatic account of how the riot spread to the general prison due to the stupidity of the officials; how buildings were sacked, while wolf packs stalked the yards looking for youngsters to rape; and how it was quelled, after days of costly damage, by the state troopers, gas, bullets and negotiations.

In the analytical biographies of the riot leaders the reader is made to feel their terrors, deep-rooted resentments, psychotic tensions, their hopeless despair. Mr. Martin's objectivity also makes it possible to share the frustrations of the warden whose fifteen months at Portsmouth Disciplinary Barracks ill-fitted him for the task that was forced upon him. We feel the panic of the guards who were held as hostages, the misery that was their wives'. We see how it is to live in a huge city of brick and concrete and steel with 6,986 criminals in a place that was originally planned to house only 1,500, "most of whom are chiefly interested in escaping the city or, failing that, in making life harder for the manager." The horror of it is revealed in terse sentences that follow each other with the inevitability of a steam train — and just as powerfully.

▪ The second section is devoted to a study of the American prison system. Here we see how painstakingly methodical Mr. Martin has been in assembling information, all of which is highly pertinent and shockingly revealing. We see clearly the effects of overcrowding, idleness, brutality, loneliness, homosexuality and a host of other evils. He takes us over the past 150 years to the time when prisons as we know them began, with solitary confinement of all inmates at the Eastern Pennsylvania Prison and the silent system of Auburn of about the same time. "Punishment does not deter . . . because no punishment can reach the thing inside a man that caused him to commit a crime in the first place . . . The system of solitude merely drove men mad; it was corrected by the silent system; this failed and was replaced by Individual Treatment; this too has failed. And now we have reached the lowest point of all — bedazzled by the dangerous myth of rehabilitation, we are manufacturing criminals in our prisons — and then turning 95% of them loose." A good part of this section covers the prisons of Joliet-Stateville where warden Joseph E. Ragen, who has ruled with iron discipline, says, "We deal with the complete failures. This is the end of the road."

Again Mr. Martin makes us feel with the average prisoner who wants only to do his time and get out, one who gets this letter from his daughter: "Dear Daddy, I am well hoping you are the same . . . Mama had a stroke the other day . . . She is in the hospital and not expected to live . . . I need money bad . . . I was fifteen Saturday but I forgot all about my birthday . . . I will close. Love your baby."

We realize some of the problems and attitudes of prison guards who work for as little as $25 a week. "Some are not sadists but nonetheless enjoy their power over other human beings . . . Their houses may be shoddy, their wives nag at them . . . but when they get to work each morning hundreds of men tip their caps and call them 'sir,' and at any moment they can put a man in The Hole (solitary confinement on bread and water) if they don't like his looks."

Or we can jump the fence and experience the chagrin of the wardens who "are more to be pitied than defamed. We give them an impossible job . . . If the warden institutes some basic reform that does tend to rehabilitate inmates, he may be rewarded with applause at a few meetings of professional societies; but if in doing so he lets a single convict escape he is certain to be rewarded with abuse in the public press, investigation by the legislature, dismissal by his boss, and even indictment by the grand jury."

It is in the third and final section that Mr. Martin emerges as a giant. After examining all the methods, modern and obsolete, used in our prisons today he

asks, "Well, does it work? It does not and it cannot . . . The truth is that the usual prison 'program' is really designed not to rehabilitate the inmate as we claim, but rather to prevent trouble in prison. We pretend the 'program' is good for the inmate. Actually it is good for the warden." He asks, "How much is psychiatry actually used in prison today?" and answers, "Almost not at all . . . Most prisons use hot baths to quiet manic prisoners and cold needle showers to arouse depressed ones; when they can, they send their psychotics to state mental institutions or prison psychiatric wards for electric shock treatment. That is all . . . Of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis for inmates who are not unmanageable, there is none."

▪ Since there are only 7,500 psychiatrists in the United States, of whom only 855 are psychoanalysts, and since most of these are busy treating people who can afford neuroses, the chance of criminals being helped by this method seems to be but a dream. "Someday we may be able to devise a program to rehabilitate criminals. That day will come when we know what made them criminals in the first place."

But of all the methods of discipline and theories on the prevention of crime, from Lombroso thru Burgess and Clifford Shaw to the psychiatrists and Franz Alexander, Mr. Martin points out: "Psychiatry, that irritating discipline which dresses like a scientist and talks like a poet, that cocksure discipline that forever seems to say, 'Why, of course we know what's wrong and we'll fix it just as soon as we get around to it,' appears to offer the best hope for the future. But there is enough room for the sociologist and the biologist and others as well. It ill becomes any discipline to criticize another when it, too, is in darkness."

Mr. Martin is most warm and understanding when he discusses the various types of criminal. The *professional criminal* (most of which appeared in an earlier book by Mr. Martin, *My Life in Crime* — Harper, 1952) is the man who says of himself, "I am a criminal." Crime, for this man, is a profession to which he devotes himself with as much zeal as does his legitimate counterpart. "They are America's only proletariat." He is the one whose original resentment is strengthened from his first arrest at an early age on thru juvenile homes to prisons. Always he sees only the feet of clay of those he has been taught to respect. His rationalizations become his only defense against rejection, as they become the cold comfort of so many juvenile delinquents who have patterned their behavior to his defeatist philosophy. Much valuable knowledge can be gained by more extensive research into the behavior of this man.

The *psychopathic personality* is what Mr. Martin describes as "the wastebasket of psychiatry." "Into it are dumped all the men who are not psychotic, not psychoneurotic, not feebleminded — yet there is something very wrong with them." Early the psychopath has rejected society. He feels no remorse for what he has done — only for being caught. He never learns from his experience. His trade mark is impatience. Childlike, he expects his desires to be satisfied as soon as they arise. He commits the dangerous crime — the senseless crime — on impulse. What causes psychopathy? "We do not know." The Freudians point to a superego defect, the religious to a religious defect, the sociologists to broken homes and slums. "There are few old psychopaths. Many are killed young. Those that survive seem to 'settle down' . . . Possibly the burning out process that we have noticed in convicts occurs only in psychopaths. Like so much else in criminality, this has apparently never been investigated." Most authorities agree that not much can be done to treat the psychopath, that a majority of all prisoners are psychopaths, that this peculiar personality quirk lies close to the whole problem of criminality. "Perhaps by studying him we could discover the cause of crime."

What can be done with what is known is undertaken in the last chapter. Prison does not reform the criminal. It fails to protect society. Rehabilitation

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is utterly impossible in prison. Crime and misery are the natural and necessary results of our present system of prison discipline. It should be abolished, Mr. Martin says. At least half of the men now in prisons could be let out on parole, provided parole is made more efficient by the elimination of politics and by more and better-paid supervisors. Many could be paroled to the armed forces.

Those who cannot be safely paroled but do not need maximum security could be put on farms or prison camps where they can be treated like men so that they would react like men ("A riot never occurs on a prison honor farm."). Those few who would remain in prisons could easily be managed by better paid, better trained men. Programs could be devised to see to it that these men are not harmed more than they already are. Furloughs and conjugal visits should be allowed, to decrease prison homosexuality. Citizens' groups could serve as watchdogs to see to it that these protective measures were kept.

Mr. Martin's program might seem at first to be too revolutionary, too costly. But in the past 150 years we have spent billions of dollars and have got no closer to the answer to the problem that "is already a national disgrace and that may contain the seeds of national disaster."

It is a terrifying book, compellingly honest, always absorbing. It skirts no issue even when there is no simple answer to give. It ends tragically with a statement by an inmate who committed his first crime at the age of forty-five — turned thief to feed his family — an intelligent and educated man:

"My weakness was a spiritual weakness . . . And thru the long hours of meditation in the silence of the night, I've learned. I got what I deserve. But the punishment never ends. This abnormal life, this regulated life, the dull, deadly, corroding monotony . . . It is devoid of love, built on hate and punishment. Hate begets more hate. Where does it end? Many good men go to prison, but very few come out. Prison brutalizes a man, brutalizes and humiliates him. You have a number and you are not allowed to forget it . . . You go to the shower all naked like animals; it's coarse . . . There is a wonderful field here for psychiatrists, men who ask, 'What's wrong with this human being?' You never hear that question here. Here there is no hope, nothing . . . Here all you hear is, lock up, lock up, day after day, year after year in this cold gray world. You lose touch with the decent men; no one ever says 'please' or 'thank you' — If God spares me, I'll never come back."

And the last paragraph, which is one sentence, is:

"But they do."

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TIME CAPSULE

Illustrated by Jack Nelson

25 YEARS AGO. A new state law which went into effect in July, 1929, allowed women to serve on juries in Illinois for the first time . . . **The speed limit** on rural highways was raised from 35 to 45 miles an hour . . . In a raid on the premises at 728 s. Clark street, Federal prohibition agents closed one of the largest stills operated by the **Capone gang.** They found a quarter of a million gallons of mash fermenting in ten huge vats. They failed, however, to find the distillers, who had fled thru a tunnel into a building on La Salle street and then vanished . . . **Blue Larkspur** won the inaugural running of the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park.

50 YEARS AGO. In July, 1904, the **Boston Store** advertised all-wool men's suits for the Fourth at $2.98 and up. Straw hats were available in the same establishment for 39 cents and, elsewhere, a quart of whiskey or gin could be had for 59 cents . . . **Emma Weir,** the nation's most famous woman shoplifter, was captured by three deputy sheriffs in the yard of her sister's home on Fullerton avenue . . . The **stock yards** were closed by a strike of 20,000 workers seeking a wage increase . . . A Chicago and Eastern Illinois train wreck at Glenwood killed 18 and injured 80 members of an excursion party from Doremus Congregational church Sunday school on the South Side . . . **"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"** opened to critical acclaim and began a long run on the stage of the Grand Opera House.

75 YEARS AGO. A sensational three-way suicide pact captured the attention of Chicagoans in July, 1879. Principals were the eccentric maiden daughters of **Alvah Trowbridge,** wealthy Hyde Park business man. Elizabeth and Anna fulfilled their part of the bargain by hanging themselves in the hall of the family home. But Nona, the youngest daughter, backed out at the last minute . . . Ten-room houses were renting for $18 to $20 a month . . . A number of enterprising crooks were operating **floating bordellos** known as "bum boats" in the river, steaming out into the lake whenever the law showed signs of coming aboard. One of the proprietors, "Admiral" Bill Murray, came in for a good deal of public censure when five hoods were shot in a squabble aboard his vessel one hot night while it was anchored at Harrison street.

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THEATER

By Beverly Fields

Illustrated by Carl Schranz

SEE HOW THEY RUN–II

▪ In the beginning was the barn. Back in the late Thirties and early Forties there rose up in the eastern states minor hordes of starry-eyed young actors who skipped over the summer countryside, pausing here and there to descend on the barns. They pitched out the hay, built stages and scrubbed away at the gamy interiors, bringing about what may never be known as the Scouring of New England, in an attempt to establish something like the old stock or repertory companies for the entertainment of summer audiences. The term "summer stock," having nothing to do with the former inhabitants of the barns, slipped into the language thru the media of local newspapers and Broadway playbills; the number of new actors who emerged from these hayloft training grounds was legion.

The idea took hold in various parts of the country, but as it spread it took on modifications of form, so that by now the broader description, "summer theater," is necessary to cover all the ramifications. For one thing, among the professional playhouses the apprentice system developed, an echo of the supernumerary tradition of the old repertory companies and a means of easing budgets.

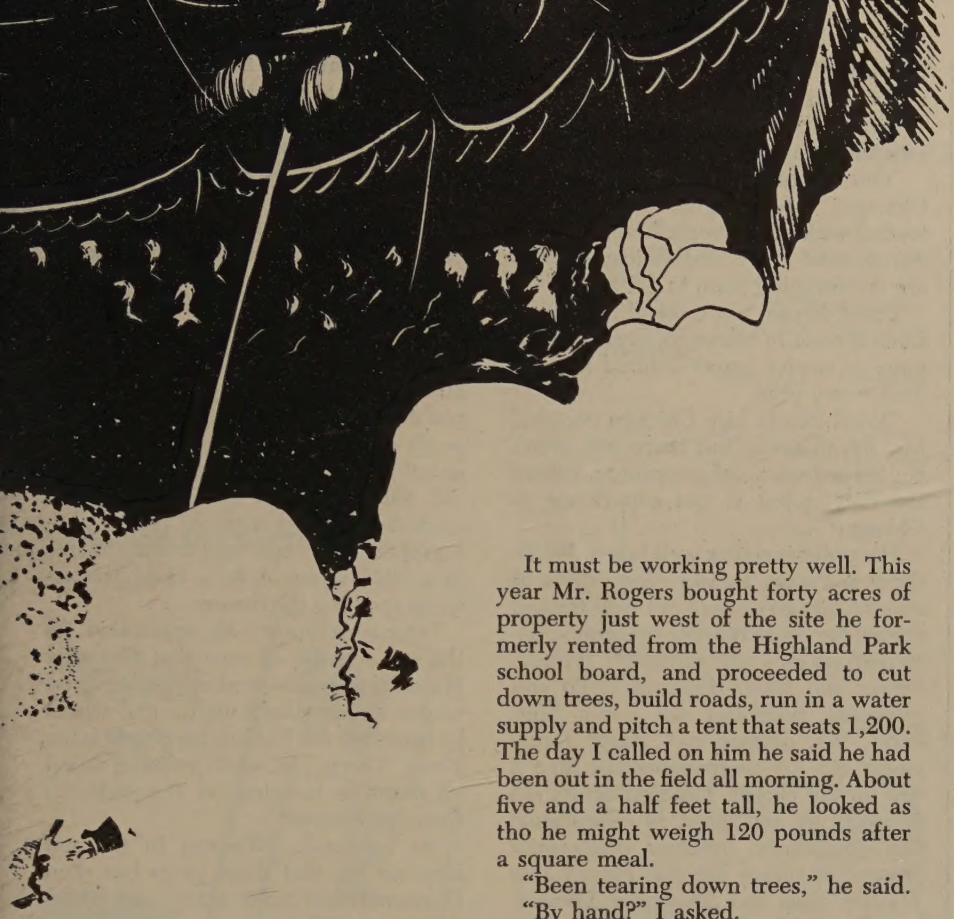
Theatrical publications every spring are full of advertisements calculated to lure student actors to the playhouse: "LEARN TO ACT WITH PROFESSIONAL ACTORS!" The professional actors are not always of the stature of Judith Anderson, of course, and for that matter the learning experience usually consists of painting flats and lugging around heavy property. Opportunities to act are rare, except for occasional walk-on assignments.

Some theaters provide classes for apprentices and charge tuition; some charge tuition and offer no classes; and a few advertise, "NO TUITION!" On the local scene, all but three theaters make use of apprentices, but only one — East Eden — holds classes. None charges a fee of any kind.

For another thing, many theaters have departed from the idea of the resident company, which is what a stock company is, in favor of the star system. Three theaters in this area depend on stars. The rest of the nearby theaters — Tenthouse, Shady Lane, East Eden and Chevy Chase — have resident companies.

Despite the fact that the resident company has obvious artistic advantages over the star system in the matter of smooth ensemble playing, most producers could probably be persuaded to hire well-known stars if they could afford it. The sum of their collected statements on this point leaves an impression of a choric chant on the merits of the resident company, with wistful undertones of regret. There is no doubt about the general acceptance of Lee Shubert's statement, "The box office never lies," along with the corollary that big names make big box office whether the performance is any good or not.

Even Herb Rogers, whose Tenthouse



The first of this series of articles on summer theater dealt with the star system. The present piece is about summer stock in the area.

theater in Highland Park has flourished like a hardy perennial in the midst of the other shifting, changing companies, has no real conviction that the play's the thing. The Tenthouse company has managed to keep intact a nucleus of players and the same director from its beginning in 1948 to the present season largely because Mr. Rogers keeps his actors working in winter as well as summer by moving them to Palm Springs for a season that runs from January thru April.

"I use stars in Palm Springs," he said, "because I know them all and they're living nearby and I don't have to pay them as much as I would here. If there were plenty of stars available here, I'd use them. The trouble is that when they come here they work the circuit and get too much money and they're too independent. It's nothing but trouble." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Besides, I've built this theater on the ensemble principle. It's working pretty well."

It must be working pretty well. This year Mr. Rogers bought forty acres of property just west of the site he formerly rented from the Highland Park school board, and proceeded to cut down trees, build roads, run in a water supply and pitch a tent that seats 1,200. The day I called on him he said he had been out in the field all morning. About five and a half feet tall, he looked as tho he might weigh 120 pounds after a square meal.

"Been tearing down trees," he said.

"By hand?" I asked.

"By money," he said. "That's just as bad."

▪ Mr. Rogers was graduated from the University of Washington in 1942, and his director, Michael Ferrall, was a member of the teaching staff there. Both Rogers and Ferrall worked under Glenn Hughes, of whose university theater the *Oxford Companion to the Theater*, a conservative work, has this to say: "Maybe the most interesting (of the university theater buildings in the United States) is the Penthouse Theater (1940) at the University of Washington—designed specifically for 'arena' productions."

It was there that Mr. Rogers became interested in arena theater, or theater-in-the-round, and Tenthouse was the first professional theater of this kind to play in a tent any place in the country.

The innovation of the tent, combined with arena presentation, is about as close to experimental production as summer theater ever gets. The choice of plays reveals that most producers think along similar lines; duplications or even triplications in one season are not uncommon. Almost all of them try for what they call a balanced bill: so much comedy, so much "heavy drama;" but they all seem to sample the same buffets.

The tent, of course, can no longer be thought of as an experiment; since five of the seven local theaters have adopted it as a flexible, inexpensive and comfortable summer playhouse, it has become almost standard equipment, and so has theater-in-the-round.

East Eden, however, which opened last year in Lincolnwood, plays in a tent but does not give arena productions. The seats are arranged in a horseshoe around a stage with a proscenium and a large apron. John Bettenbender, producer and director, claims that this arrangement provides the immediacy of arena theater without the attendant problems of directing focus on the stage.

"Before all this theater-in-the-round started," he said, "the only arena theater was the circus. But a circus offers a choice of activities — it has three rings."

Mr. Bettenbender, who is head of the drama department at Loyola university, said simply that he hopes to build a good company, mostly of Chicago actors, to put on good shows.

"If we have a successful summer, I'd like the company to continue with a winter theater. Everybody says Chicago needs a good professional repertory company. Of course it has to be properly financed and there has to be a demand for it. It can't succeed if it is simply filling a personal need for actors or dreamers. And it can't play obscurity for its own sake."

Obscurity is probably the only kind of theater that hasn't played at Chevy Chase. One of the oldest of the summer theaters, it has run the gamut of production since its beginning in 1949. Under the management of Bill Johnson ("I'm just the landlord.") of the Chevy Chase country club in Wheeling, stars have come and gone, resident companies have filed in and out, and the theater itself has changed from a converted ballroom to a tent.

This year the occupants will be an Equity company hired by the Des Plaines community theater and directed by James Hughes, a graduate of the

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Goodman theater school and the director of the Des Plaines company, which is producing this season's bill in an effort to raise money for itself.

"Our talent is going to come from Chicago," Mr. Hughes said. "We're loaded with good people here, but producers who don't hire Chicago actors are encouraging them to get away."

Frank Bryan, producer of the Shady Lane theater in Marengo, says his company of twelve actors is hired in New York every year.

"We'd like to hire Chicago people," Mr. Bryan said, "but there just aren't enough experienced actors here. Where are they going to get experience in Chicago?"

His point is rather well taken. While there are many theater schools in and about Chicago turning out well-trained actors, the opportunities for professional performance are extremely limited. Fewer and fewer dramatic radio and television programs are being built here; the professional stage rarely yields any job more important than a spot in the chorus. Chicago actors are reduced, by and large, to educational film companies, amateur community groups, or stages like the Playwrights Theater club and Showcase Theater, boards which the ambitious actor's foot is reluctant to tread.

Frank Bryan is probably the most good-humoredly unpretentious producer of them all. His theater was started in 1941 when a group of students from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts persuaded him to remodel his barn.

▪ "One of those kids was my nephew, Bill Bryan," he said "and another was Jeff Chandler, only his name was Ira Grossell then. Last I heard, my nephew was out in Florida with a string of race horses. Pretty far cry from the theater but I guess he's doing all right."

The Shady Lane theater, in a barn, is an adjunct to the restaurant known as Shady Lane Farm. It seats 353, and while it doesn't lose any money, it doesn't make much either. The restaurant is Mr. Bryan's real source of profit.

"The theater is really just a feeder for the restaurant," he said. "We try to get plays that suit the personalities of the members of the company, and plays that sell. The things that sell are comedies, and that's all we play, except for one serious drama every year. Summer theater ought to be light and airy — people don't want to sit thru a heavy psychological drama on a hot night, especially after a few cocktails."

Cocktails, which Mr. Bryan says "help the plays along," are available in an outdoor patio bar and also in the restaurant taproom, which is in itself a small gem of scene design. Copied in detail from pictures of the bar in the old San Francisco Palace hotel, the walls are covered with old prints, photographs, programs and enlargements of a 1927 series of John Held Jr. cartoons spoofing the theater.

"Our corn liquor," Mr Bryan said, "is the same brand of corn that Grandpa Hassafrass made under the covered wagon on moonlight nights, and which he traded to the Indians for Shady Lane Farm. There," he said, pointing to an oil painting hanging on the wall, "is Grandpa himself."

As for food: "We ran in the red here for the first three years but then Duncan Hines came along and found out we cook chicken in an old iron skillet and we began to see the light of day." The restaurant was established in 1937. In 1941 the barn was turned into a theater for the company of student actors, who were followed the next year by a group from the Goodman theater school. The theater was closed for three years during the war, but reopened in 1946 with a professional company and has been playing every season since. It is now in its thirteenth year.

The director is Lewis Tanno, who has had some Broadway acting experience too. During the winter Mr. Tanno teaches English and drama at Marymount college in Tarrytown, New York, and is also on the staff at Columbia college.

"It startles me to think you can keep this sort of thing going in a cornfield," Mr Bryan said. "It's all due to the marvels of modern transportation."

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SIR: I'd like to say that I think CHICAGO has made terrific progress in just three issues. The improvement is astounding, particularly to someone like me who viewed the whole thing with some skepticism.

MRS. ALICE GORMAN

SIR: Russ Hamm's Chicago (June) is certainly a beautiful city and his pictures stand high in their particular field. But I think there's a good story to be told in the rougher, more dynamic features of our town, too. How about another series including things like slum kids playing ball in the streets, the back porches in a middle-class neighborhood, lovers on the beach and strippers on north Clark street?

MARJORIE VANCE

SIR: Langdon & Oates (Misses) ("Season to Taste," March) will find the De Jonghe family (Henri, Charles, Peter, Sophie, Julie and Agnes, also Mere D.) opened a restaurant at 56th & Washington st. in 1893. I was a clerk in the Colonies next door west of the old Windermere and ate there often. . . . Their moules marinieres were excellent. Later they moved to the Masonic Temple . . . in 1900 they bought the old Iroquois Club, I think 5 floors and basement, the bar & kitchens and about 10 tables. Charley and I have had many an apertif together, his ever a French vermouth, mine a picotine cocktail of yellow chartreuse & gin. . . . Charley went back to Belgium. I think Mrs. Jules may remember Charles P. Davis who was then credit man at Peacock's. . . .

MR. PUGH (as a pen name)

SIR: I have read the third issue of your well sold out and highly touted magazine . . . With the exception of one article, the one by Ald. Merriam ("Why Reformers Fail," May), I found the articles dull, the fiction poor, the features lacking originality, the format . . . imitative, and the magazine . . . far removed from its expressed purpose.

Further, I do not believe it fills a need. . . . You have failed to bring . . . the energy of the city to the very proper pages of your magazine. And how you have abetted the complacency of your selected readership by reassuring them that they, too, are literate, esoteric, sophisticated and smart.

. . . But I shall persevere and buy at least three more copies of your magazine, with the fondest hope it shall improve. Off the last three efforts, this shouldn't be difficult.

RICHARD GORDON

SIR: Your feature in the June issue on the mayors of Chicago gave a lot of interesting glimpses into the city's history. However, I couldn't help feeling that it might have been better to run pictures of the various chairmen of the city council finance committee, instead of the mayors. These chairmen have had more to do with the running of the city than the mayors have in many administrations, especially the current one.

BRUCE ELLIOTT

SIR: Glanced over a copy of CHICAGO #3 at lunch today and it looks pretty good. . . . But it still seems to lack enough of the two ingredients I (and others) consider essential to anything dealing with Chicago: HUMOR and SEX.

WHEELER SAMMONS JR.

SIR: I am intrigued by two stories in this (May) issue: "A Scream of Silence" — it is strong, well written and frightening . . . and the other story is "A Penny's Worth." Such stories are worth the price of several years of subscribing . . .

SUE LUNDE

SIR: Your magazine looks better and better with every issue. One feature of Chicago life you might look into is some of the folk customs observed by the various national groups — the German picnic where they give operettas in the native tongue, the Annual Irish Day, and the smaller throwbacks to the Old World that center around corner saloons and restaurants. We're all Americans and we're all one city, but, to me at least, the mixture of national backgrounds is one of our most interesting characteristics.

ROBERT CHIP

SIR: Your "West of the Water Tower" appealed to me at once as I have always hoped that the Water Tower would not be torn down while I lived. As a young girl I attended the Ogden school on the Near North Side, and one morning it got around school that a man had jumped from the top of the tower. The minute school was out practically every child dashed over to see how deep a hole had been made, so you can imagine how disappointed we were to find scarcely a blade of grass disturbed, except where spectators had trampled on it.

ELIZABETH ABBOTT GARBER

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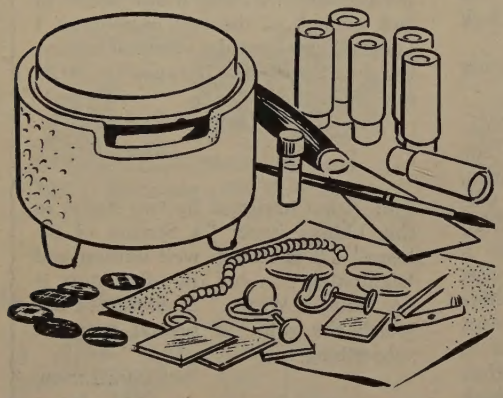

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Folding Braziers by Goodwin of California assure successful barbecues for the most exacting hostess. Goodwin features on all models: 4-point, self-leveling, non-tip footing, maneuverable on rubber-tired wheels; all-purpose service shelf; and a charcoal saving "miser" — a device which adjusts fire area in the brazier bowl for controlled cooking. There are at least eight models of these braziers. We like an inexpensive table-height style — 30" high, bowl diameter 24". $39.45 plus tax in Ill. Free delivery Chicago and North Shore, express charges to other points. Order model #4BT from Mangel Florist Garden House, 134 Skokie blvd., Wilmette.

Shishkebab accessory to the brazier will really lend glamor to your outdoor cooking. This appliance consists of five skewers, square for quarter turning, and a circular guard. This can be used for hors d'oeuvres or an entree. $12.95 plus tax in Ill. Order model #SKB from Mangel's.

Stacking stools are such versatile pieces of furniture that one can use them in the living room or the patio, as stools or tables. A practical design with durable composition tops of white flecked with gold, on black legs of cold rolled steel, is attractive yet robust enough for hard wear. These stools stand 17" high; diameter of top, 14". A pair, $9.95 plus postage and tax in Ill. Order from Frank Ryan, Contemporary Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells st., Chicago.

Serving carts are a step-saving addition to any home. Daystrom has designed a cart in contemporary lines that has passed Navy salt spray tests as to the rust-proof and chip-proof quality of its steel frame and plastic surfaces. Neither heat nor alcohol impair it. Frame comes in charcoal or brown. For the two trays there is a choice of solid, patterned or grained wood top. For breakfast, cocktails, buffet supper, even in the nursery or sick room, a serving cart is every woman's auxiliary. $32.95 plus tax in Ill. Delivered free within city limits; outside of city, Railway Express collect. Order #9 from Bordelon Designs, 1424 e. 55th st., Chicago 15.

Musical bib may be the diversion that will make your baby finish his vegetables without resistance. This yellow bib is made of heavily padded plastic. Concealed in the padding is a long-lasting music mechanism that plays a tune when it is cranked. Baby can turn the crank himself, if he wishes. Order Bib #GB6576, $1.98 ppd. from Miles Kimball, Kimball bldg., Oshkosh, Wis.